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NOVEMBER 15, 1969

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AMERICAN BRITISH FRENCH ITALIAN AUSTRALIAN

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PENN

COVER: Evening way to look terrific—light up in sequins. Like Cardin's silvery pullover-top with a roly-poly collar and cuffs, cut loose to the hips on a long, enormously full black taffeta skirt, and worn with a sequined cap pulled down straight and new on the brow. Dress of Taroni silk, Schlaepfer embroidery. . . . Evening face, to be specific, wears Estée Lauder's Crushed Violet shadow over French Blue to extra-spark the eyes; Sunset Glow See-Through Lipstick super-shines the mouth; Sand Beige Tender Make-Up Base warms and glows the face. Coiffure by Carita.

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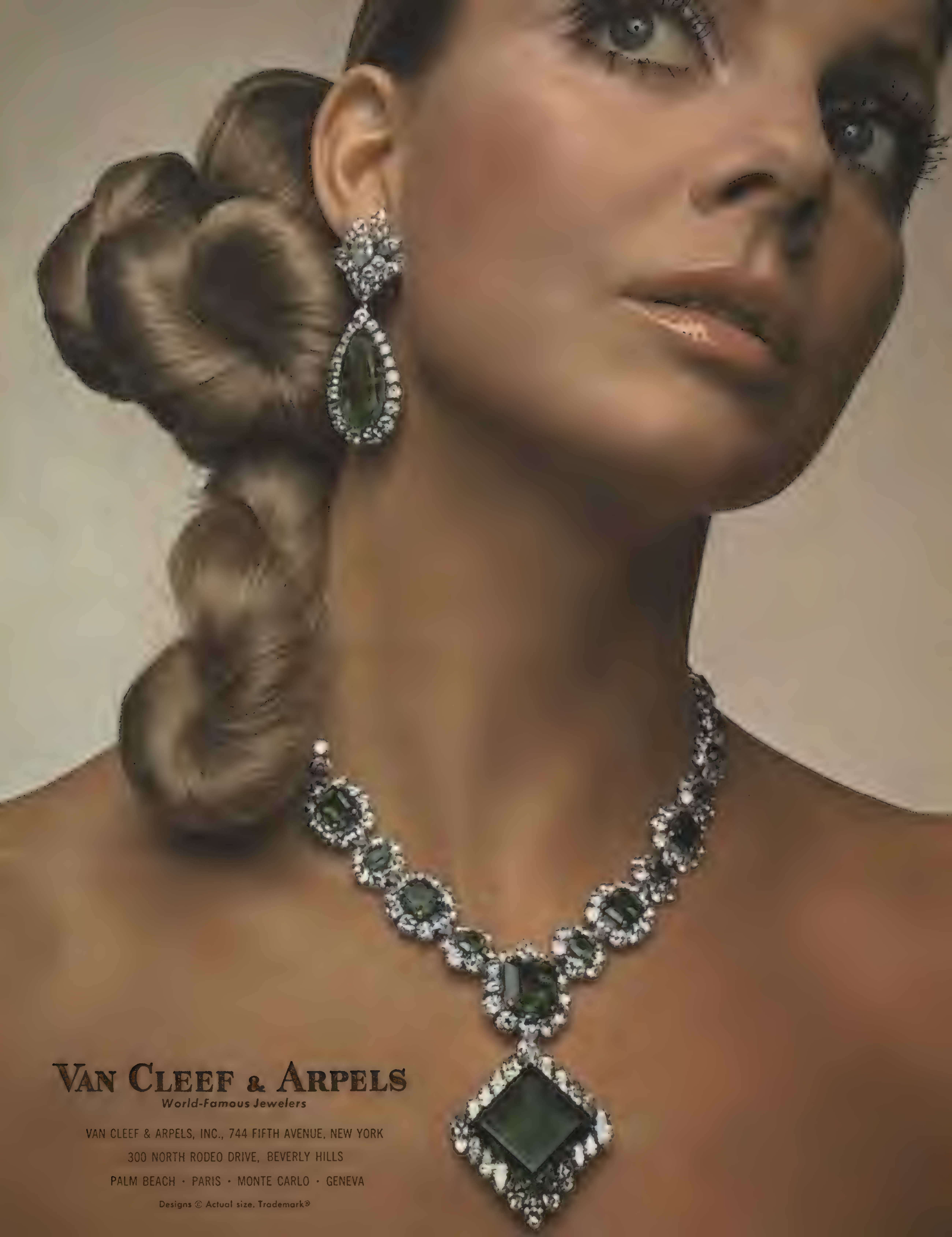


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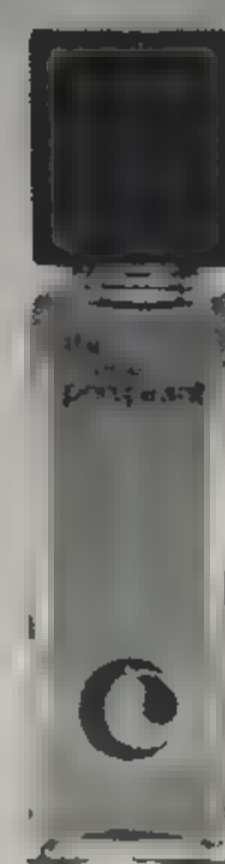
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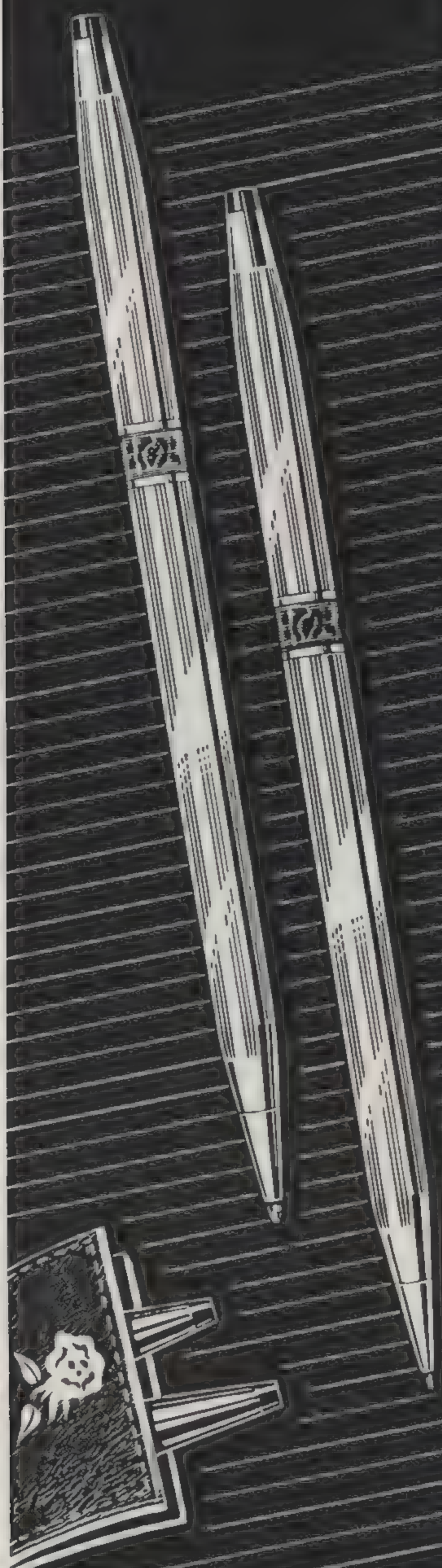


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November 15

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and no
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Here, mediaeval lady crops her knight's hair. What happened to the barber? We don't know where this fellow's barber was, but where he's most apt to be today is with a new title: hair stylist. . . . "Who does your hair?" has been replaced at La Grenouille with "Who does your husband's hair?" . . . Those forced to be decorously short-clipped by day are buying gamin wigs for evening. And long-hairs are tucking their curls up into crew-cut hairpieces for emergency appearances with the likes of Internal Revenue. . . . In London, in Paris, in New York, the tonsorial parlours are more cosy-club than barbershop. At one New York hair-styling lair, man waits his turn for an \$8 shampoo and cut in a Japanese garden, where he's served tea and tempura. At another, the Central Park Mall in the East Village, young men meet their girls in the

evening and each may get identically coiffed to a background blast of rock. . . . Man travels miles for the cossetting of his fingernails by his favourite manicurist. . . . Man either has, or has his eye on, his own portable hair-dryer, his own magnifying mirror with electric shave outlet, and even his own facial creams (e.g.: Shorell's Contour/35 for firming and repairing "older" man's skin). . . .

"My husband used to be able to name precisely the perfume his dinner partner was wearing. Now he sometimes fails because his own eau de toilette is getting bolder. He splashes on Hermès, Lanvin, Chanel with a willful lack of discretion; uses *Moustache* for shaving—before, during, and after. At our Provence farmhouse, he even has his own *eau de lavande* distilled from hillside flowers." Diplomat's wife speaking there. . . . To his weekend golf and tennis dates, one Wall Street tycoon carries in his Vuitton cosmetic kit, in addition to the usual groomers, cake powder to absorb shine on nose and chin. And he insists, his wife tells us, that his handkerchiefs should never be pressed without first being sprayed with cologne. . . . A snappy young journalist is so devoted to spray colognes that he keeps atomizers handy, in case an aerosol version of his current whim is unavailable. He sprays not only himself, but the back of his tie—and his patent leather shoes. "Cologne is great for cleaning them." . . .

What do we give this new breed of man? More scents. No non-scents. Fragrance some time ago came out of the last-minute, "My goodness, we forgot Uncle Willie" category. Now it's in the mainstream of individualized, highly personal Presents Presented with Love—and thought. . . . Three companies long and beautifully involved with women's good looks have recently cast a thoughtful eye on men. Charles of the Ritz has just taken the wraps off a stunning assortment of grooming aids called *Chiaro*. Chiaro means light and clear, and Chiaro is clearly special. The prevailing breeze of its scent blows citric zest through woody patches of vetiver and sandalwood—and through each Chiaro man-maker, starting with cologne. A green lotion named Face Tamer organizes faces before electric and after-blade shaving. A Face Conditioner calms skin ruffled by razor or weather. . . . In bright tangerine, pigskin-y packages, comes John Robert Powers' *JRP* men's collection. The fragrance is intriguingly different, with a persistent, day-lasting character, and it's served up nine ways.

(Continued, page 30)



THE ONLY THING SHE'S WEARING IS WHAT WE'RE SELLING.

You're looking at it but you can't see it. At 100 to 140 dollars, you shouldn't. Reid-Meredith, makers of modacrylic fiber wigs. If you know it's a wig, it's not a **Reid-Meredith**.

Reid-Meredith, Inc., 270 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017



Andrew Geller working in crushed Corfam



Available at Andrew Geller Shoe Salons and fine stores everywhere for about \$34.

DU PONT CORFAM
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Big deals for outdoor boys

The Rallet division of Chas. Pfizer has uncorked a rousing fragrance. Its green carafes are put up in gift-inclined packages, and its name, *Bacchus*, should intoxicate one with just the possibilities. . . . If he's a *lofty type*, given to riding ski lifts, you might try Aramis High Altitude Cream to send him back to earth in good form. It's been convincingly tested out on Swiss mountains, along with Aramis Active Sport Cream, Après Ski lotion, and Weather Shield stick. . . . Ardent is Arden for Men about a big sport's skin survival. Their \$10 Ski Buff kit includes lip pomade, skin conditioner, skin shield, plus a neat idea, the Peruvian Ski Mask, a "homespun" design first used by Incas in Andes. . . . If you can't give a tired man his own private sauna, complete with resident birch whisk, the least you can do is tuck into his stocking Kanøn Sauna Soak, an oil which imparts to his bath the same bracing Scandinavian forest scent. . . . Charles Revson's redoubtable Braggi caretakers of men now are bragging about "Specific Sprays" to comfort a man all over: deodorant, talc, after-shave, and a foot spray that heels love to be cooled by. . . . Under-10c-a-unit present to tie on the tree of a man who cleans up wherever he goes: Fabergé's scented Towellettes, 18 of them in the dry Brut scent, \$1.50. . . . When the score is Love-Love, one new scent could work for both of you. It's the Lacoste Sport Line, created by Jean Patou in collaboration with tennis and sport-shirt maestro René Lacoste. A tall aerosol of Eau de Sport holds 22 ounces, costs \$30, and should make a sport feel 30-feet high. . . . A gentleman whose hair seems to suffer from lack of gentlewoman advice wants Pantene's Three For The Road Kit, shampoo, conditioner, and spray—all buckled into would-be alligator, \$13.50. . . . Get a whole skulk of foxes worked up with the excitement of the chase. Guerlain's Habit Rouge is a scent as crisp and bright as the hunters' pink coats from which it takes its name. . . . Bag a wolf with mink, Wolff Frères' fierce blend of fir, balsam, oak moss: cologne and after-shave encased in real black mink, \$35. . . . Does he change his stripes often? He'll recognize that fact when he receives a Dunhill of London Safari Fun Fur Travel Kit, replete with shave spray and foam, face and hair conditioner, all wrapped up in "zebra," \$15. . . . Flatter him with a designer's fragrance, Dior's Eau Sauvage. . . . A Gentleman's Cologne by Chanel, so beautifully understated that it could make A Gentleman out of a Rake. . . . The movingly vibrant Monsieur de Givenchy fragrance. When Noël Coward was asked ten things he couldn't live without, M. de Givenchy's cologne was far up on the list. . . . For a real big splash, the new men's fragrance, Monsieur Rochas, which reflects some interesting research into men's chemistry, comes in a super-version, a luxe leather chest, \$100. . . . Or make him an ambassador-at-large. Turn him into a dandy Yankee Doodle with Old Spice Burley, a kicksy scent named after Kentucky's Burley tobacco leaf. . . . Or, speaking of tobacco, colour him international with Tabac Original, a mossy éclat of masculine ambiance that made its fame around the world before it hit the U.S.A. So many men and women travellers were contemplating naughty ways to slip it through Customs, we're relieved it's now legal in this country. In addition to cologne and shave stuff, there are Tabac hair preparations specifically for dry and oily male manes. . . . English Leather Timberline Bronzer not only healths up a face, but makes it smell like Sherwood Forest right after a spring shower. . . . Nine Flags Shaving Colognes, new now in aerosol circles, afford all sorts of opportunity to let a gander know you care. . . . Did his mother come from Ireland? Give him Ireland's Green Moss, a wild Connemara scent, fresh with lavender and violet leaves and moss; its jar is—what else?—emerald green. England, Italy, Spain, Germany, France, Brazil, Hong Kong, and Sweden each get appropriate identity. . . . In any staunch search for a good man, the number 4711 might be a better combination to give than your telephone number. . . . This year a Young Man of the Sea is piloting Dana's fabulous Canoe. He's a ceramic decanter, and his cargo is 17 ounces of Canoe cologne, \$18.50. . . . Eau de Lanvin for Men will soften the hearts of diehards with manly scents and fighting names such as Bull Whip. . . . If he's hung up on Orientalia, Jade East is ready with potent Dynasty fragrance in chubby glass Buddha. . . . And Evyan's The Baron cachet of groomers will look after his well-being, even to tinting him ruddy with The Baron powder. . . .

Bring out the beast in him

. . . and the best in him

Something happens to a girl
on an island.



MY ISLANDS COLOGNES

Six women's colognes with imported essences from six islands: Majorca, Stromboli, Barbados, Corfu, Moorea, Skye. Splash-on or atomizer, \$5 and \$6.

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*Cole,
a body concern,
presents...*






The Cole Soul Suits. A body conscious Mio and a soul baring Bikini with separate short or long skirts. In clinging ANTRON® nylon by BLUE RIDGE — WINKLER.

The Soul Suit





Body & Soul...
that's what it's all about, baby.

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Silvery moon



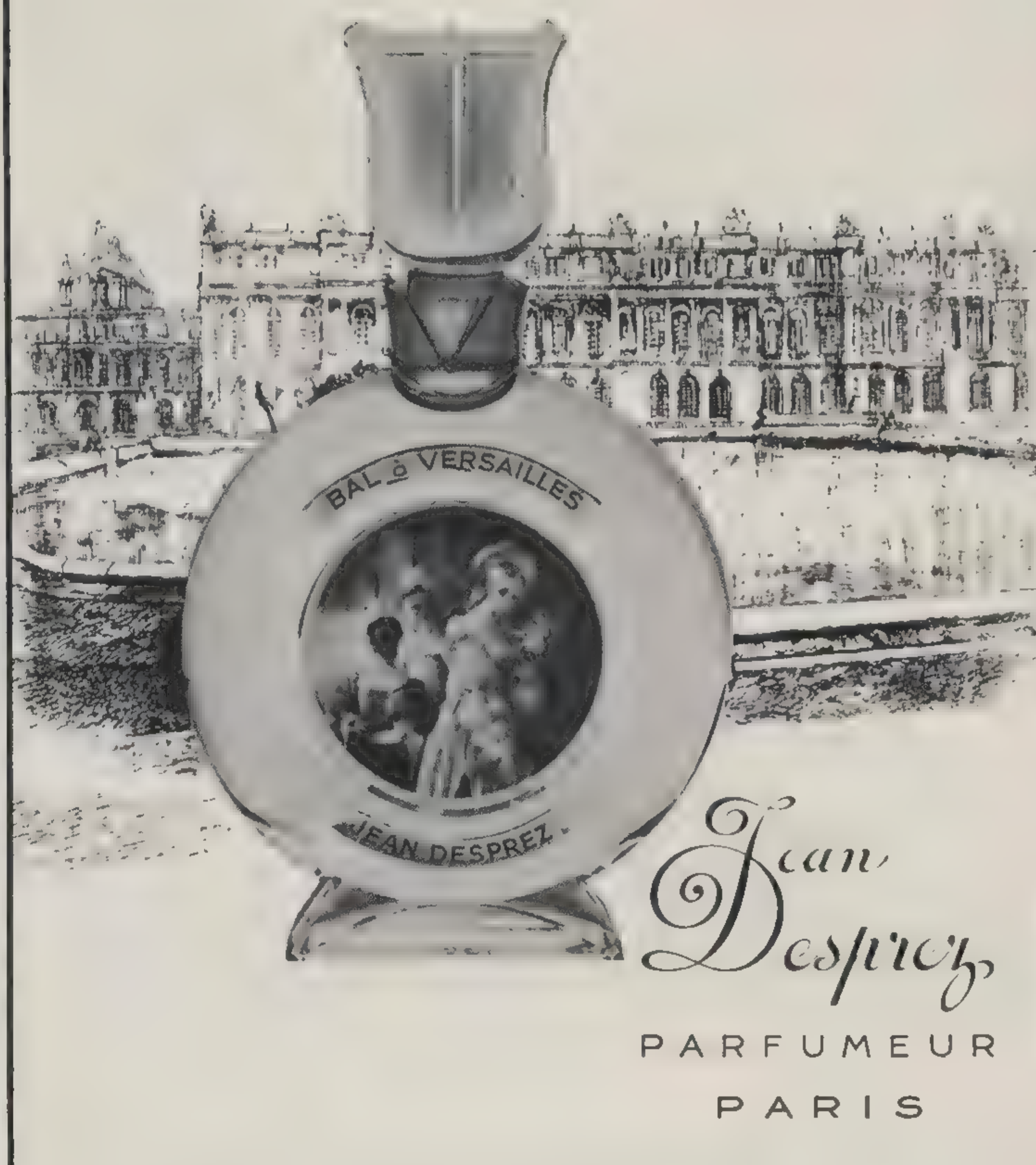
Every girl worth her spun sugar needs an occasional anachronism to maintain her Creature of Impulse franchise. Out of the graceful past appears Estée Lauder's immense new Heirloom compact, made of what appears to be your great-grandmother's cherished silver. It's the sort of stand-out that propels laser-eyed types to flash across a crowded room for a passionate inspection, and it holds a full moon of immaculately pressed Estée Lauder face powder in any one of four shades. Since the Lauder people never do anything in a minor way, there are two other choices of pattern: the Art Deco in blue and grey enamel, and the Big Weave, a smashing basketweave wrought in gold-and-silver metal.

Speaking of this and that

What *is* in a name is mood, recognition, pace—especially when it identifies a perfume. Two utterly new scents have just breezed in, with the crisp, unruffled names of Ceci (This) and Cela (That), enough to spike the curiosity of even the most *dégagée* female. Etienne Aigner, providers of superlative leatherscraft, have turned their talented hands to making perfume of great allure. Ceci is delicately voluptuous and hothouse-y, a murmurous mélange of flowers and firelight and rosy wine. Cela is larky and frivolous, like parties that go on until daybreak, with everyone feeling on top of the world. Both may be had in Eau de Toilette, dusting powder, bath oil, and soap, as well as perfume. At Bonwit Teller.

(More Ready Beauty, page 161)

BAL à VERSAILLES



Jean Desprez
PARFUMEUR
PARIS



the meeker mini-clutch

fashion at your fingertips

Your very private world is carried beautifully in this compact clutch. Luxurious lizard grain in a galaxy of exciting colors. From \$6.00. Meeker brings you a complete and charming collection of leather accessories ranging from little leather lovelies to elegant handbags.

You're remembered when you give fine leather accessories from

meeker

THE MEEKER COMPANY/JOPLIN, MISSOURI 64801
Since 1908, manufacturers of fine personal leather goods for men and women

WHAT IS STATUS?

IN THE MIDDLE AGES: Milady's *hennin*, a towering, conical headdress, was worn as a barometer of her economic standing. Its height rose and fell with the fullness and leanness of the family

purse, and loyal wives refused to be "high-hatted" by any women they suspected of being poorer than themselves.

From Customs & Curiosities, page 524
VOGUE'S BOOK OF ETIQUETTE AND GOOD MANNERS

TODAY, a woman's status is measured by her grace, tact and assured knowledgeability... not by the height of her hat. It takes much more than a material symbol to give her direction, acceptance and finally distinction, in the many roles now expected of her as wife, mother, career woman, dietician, cook, hostess, handyman, taste-setter... and on... and on.

With so many responsibilities, a woman needs a reliable, very up-to-date guide to correct and attractive behavior in hundreds of situations. And now it exists—after three years of meticulous preparation... *the new, completely revised edition—just off the press—*

VOGUE'S BOOK OF ETIQUETTE AND GOOD MANNERS

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It carries the prestige and dependability of a magazine that has been the recognized authority on taste for the last 75 years. It is a definitive, democratic reference work concerned with the attitudes and social procedures that have *authentic value today*. It puts etiquette in a totally new perspective—as a highly personal code based on consideration for others, good taste, and respect for still-valid traditions.

Here is a book to use on a thousand occasions... whether you're entertaining for two or two hundred... writing to your son's brand-new fiancée or your senator... arranging a wedding or giving a surprise party... traveling at home or abroad... living alone or sharing an apartment... meeting new neighbors or a new boss... speaking in public... furnishing a house... learning a sport... raising money for a cause... introducing an ambassador... applying for a job... dining with business associates... starting a conversation... choosing a suitable wine... borrowing from a friend... facing an emergency... accepting a formal invitation... eating a lobster.

VOGUE'S BOOK OF ETIQUETTE AND GOOD MANNERS comes to grips with problems that are not discussed fully—if at all—in other reference books of its type. Timely subjects such as Manners and Money... Religious Ceremonies ranging from Bar Mitzvahs to Ordinations... The Large Family Dinner... The Backyard Swimming Pool—are examples. You will find all the information you will ever want or need in this 768 page guide to modern living. And you can put your trust in every word.

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What a suitable present: for the mother of the bride-to-be, so she can plan a flawless wedding... for the new bride, so she can cope with her new responsibilities... for the young mother, so she can properly guide her children!



What an intelligent present: for schools, libraries, churches, committee chairmen, various organizations, institutions and business firms!

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The Leisurelies with Kodel®



*Feel like an enchanted princess at home...
in fashion fantasies from the world of Kodel.*

*The look: divinely romantic;
the fabrics: as full of fresh magic
as Kodel can make them.*

The fashions: here and on the next two pages.



henson-kickernick turns you into
the dreamiest fairytale princess in the land of golden eggs...with this
snuggly-soft robe and slippers ensemble. The luxuriously deep pile fabric is
Kodel polyester and acrylic by Norwood. Tropic blue, softie pink or bittersweet.
Sizes: S, M, L. Robe, made to sell for about \$45; slippers, about \$3.50.



saramae fashions this lavishly lacy flowing gown-and-peignoir ensemble for your after-the-ball reveries. The Springmaid fabric is "Blush," a white piqué voile of Kodel polyester and cotton. Sizes: P,S,M. Gown, made to sell for about \$14; ensemble, about \$32. Short version: gown, about \$11; ensemble, about \$26.



fashions by juli transforms you into an exotic princess searching for Prince Charming... with this Persian-inspired tunic pajama. Cortley's metallic-printed voile is Kodel polyester and cotton. In hot pink. Sizes 32-38 and 5-13. Made to sell for about \$18.



eve stillman turns on today's Swan Queens
with this ruffy jumpsuit and quilted bolero bedjacket.
In Crantex Fabrics "Twinkle" batiste of Kodel polyester and
Avril® rayon. Yellow with blue. Sizes: P,S,M.
Jumpsuit, made to sell for about \$26; bedjacket, about \$16.



arthur williams for siren
sees you as the dazzling enchantress...
lighting up forest or patio in your paisley print Empire gown.
Sharon multi-colored print fabric is Kodel polyester and cotton.
Sizes: P,S,M. Made to sell for about \$15.

Look for "THE LEISURELIES" at-home fashions with KODEL at these and other fine stores (not every style at every store): ATLANTA, Rich's; BUFFALO, Wm. Hengeler's; CINCINNATI, Pogue's; CLEVELAND, Higbee's; DALLAS, Sanger-Harris; DENVER, The Denver; FLORIDA, Maas Brothers; KANSAS CITY, Macy's; LOS ANGELES, The May Co.; MINNEAPOLIS, Dayton's; PHILADELPHIA, John Wanamaker; PITTSBURGH, Joseph Horne Co.; WASHINGTON, D.C., Woodward & Lothrop.
EASTMAN CHEMICAL PRODUCTS, INC., subsidiary of Eastman Kodak Company, 1133 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036. Kodel is the trademark for Eastman polyester fiber. Eastman makes only the fiber, not fabrics or apparel.

THE MARY KAY STORY

Or:

How an Old
Hidetanner's
Amazing Discovery
May Change
The Entire
Complexion of
America



Some years ago there was a man whose business was tanning hides. One day he decided that if you could take an old, stiff, ugly, big pored hide and turn it into a beautiful, small-pored, soft piece of leather like a glove—then, somehow : the same miracle could be wrought with human skin—particularly since there were living cells with which to work.

So, he began to experiment with his own skin, using, in a modified form, the same things he used in tanning hides. With the result that at 73, he proved his point. His smooth, unblemished skin gave the appearance of being that of a man many years younger.

From this original discovery evolved Mary Kay Cosmetics. And with it an entire skincare program for the American Woman. One that works. And gets results.

You see, our basic philosophy is to do something good for your skin, instead of covering up what you already have. Isn't that nice?

We implement that philosophy in two ways: First with our product, derived from the hide tanner's discovery; and second with our program. We train professional Beauty Consultants to teach you how to make your beauty at least skin deep. Sorry, that's all we can promise.

So, whenever you're ready to do an about face with your complexion, consult the Yellow Pages for our Beauty Consultant in your neighborhood, or write Mary Kay Cosmetics, Dallas, Texas 75247.

Don't wait.



Eaton's Fine Letter Papers
Speak for themselves...and you.

Give friendship, give fondness, give love. Give Eaton's. Letter papers with an exciting fashion look in the now shades. A gift that says it just the way she yearns to hear it. So colorfully. And while you're at it, treat yourself. Your gifts say more...your letters say more on Eaton's. One to five dollars.

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SHOULDN'T YOUR SECOND SKIN BE AS LOVELY AS YOUR FIRST?



YOUR SECOND SKIN IS AS LOVELY AS YOUR FIRST WHEN YOU WEAR SEA DREAMS

For instance, a skim of a lacy bra with stretch all around shown with an airy light pantie controller[†] in a Lycra® blend. Or a décolleté bra worn here with a drift of a Crepeset® petti[‡]. White, black, écru at selected stores. Both bras, \$8. Petti, \$11. Controllers from \$8.50.

The Sea Dream Collection
by maidenform

SUPERMARKET, DEMI-MYTH

By Elaine Kendall



Here are some of the fine stores that carry The Sea Dream® Collection:

Bakersfield, Calif.—Brock's
Billings, Montana—Hart Albin
Buffalo, N.Y.—Adam, Meldrum
& Anderson
Butte & Helena, Montana
—The Hennessy Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Charles A. Stevens & Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio—McAlpin Co.
Cleveland, Ohio—The May Co.
Columbus, Ohio—F. & R. Lazarus
Daytona Beach, Fla.—Belk-Lindsey
Denver, Colo.—Denver Dry Goods Co.
Detroit, Michigan—Demery's, Inc.
Florida—Jordan Marsh
Fresno, Calif.—E. Gottschalk &
Co., Inc.
Indianapolis, Ind.—L. S. Ayres & Co.
Jackson, Miss.—Kennington Co.
Kansas City, Mo.—The Jones Store Co.
Lake Charles, La.—Muller Co., Ltd.
Louisville, Kentucky—Kaufman's
Madison, Wisc.—Harry S.
Manchester, Inc.
Mass. & R.I.—Cherry & Webb
Memphis, Tenn.—Lowenstein's
Milwaukee, Wisc.—Gimbel's
Minneapolis, Minn.—Donaldson's
Missoula, Montana—Missoula
Mercantile Co.
Peoria, Ill.—P. A. Bergner & Co.
Phoenix, Ariz.—Diamond's
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kaufmann's
Portland, Oregon—Lipman
Wolfe & Co.
Providence, R.I.—The Shepard Co.
Richmond, Va.—Miller & Rhodes, Inc.
Sacramento, Calif.—Weinstock's
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller Co.
Salt Lake City, Utah—ZCMI
San Bernadino & Riverside,
Calif.—Harris'
San Francisco, Calif.—Macy's
Scranton, Pa.—The Globe
Seattle, Wash.—Bon Marche
Southern Calif.—Buffums'
Southern Calif.—Bullock's
Southern Calif.—J. W. Robinson Co.
Southern Calif.—The May Co.
Springfield, Mass.—Forbes & Wallace
Topeka, Kansas—Crosby's
Worcester, Mass.—R. H. White's

Some ideas are so dramatic that they make every alternative instantly obsolete. A really startling innovation—the automobile, television, or the supermarket—will soar away, above suspicion and beyond reproach for whole decades before anyone takes a second look. During this extended honeymoon, the old expedients quietly vanish, unmourned and unmissed. One day the country awakens to find the railroads have given up their passenger runs, the art of conversation is lost, and the nearest place to buy a loaf of bread can be six miles away.

Until very recently, it seemed that supermarkets had completely eluded that second look. From all appearances, they were home free. In 1958, the supers accounted for 46.8 per cent of total American food sales; by 1968, the percentage was up to 72 per cent, and the majority of America's independent grocers had retired, many quite prematurely. In forty years of unquestioned dominance, the supermarket concept hadn't attracted gadflies. When the State Department wanted to show the rest of the world how well the American economy worked, it sent a model supermarket to an international fair, where it dazzled the Muscovites and the *Bruxellois* just as it dazzled us.

Now, however, there are suddenly some indications—almost ten thousand of them—that the spell is finally broken. The little neighbourhood grocery store is making a strong comeback, resurfacing as a "bantam," a "superette," a "convenience store," or a "junior." The first tentative mini-markets appeared in the 1950's, and by the end of this year they will have made a billion-dollar dent in the grocery business. It's almost as if General Motors's 1970 model had turned out to be a horse.

Originally, the supermarket idea was superb—groceries, fruit, vegetables, and meat all in one central place; enormous buying power to keep prices

down; hours saved for nobler pursuits; a variety and choice that no small tradesman could possibly offer. Although a few pioneer supermarkets appeared during the 1920's, the idea didn't really catch on until the Depression. At that time, most of America's marketing was still done by paying a succession of visits to the grocer, the fruit store, the butcher, and the druggist. On foot.

Those early supers were of a fairly modest size; they were downtown, and selecting groceries from convenient shelves and dropping them into a basket was a delightful novelty—much faster than waiting for an elderly gentleman to snare boxes with a pronged stick. Lower prices were on everyone's mind, and the self-service, no-frills stores were able to undersell the independents by a considerable margin. Since then, however, the supermarkets succumbed to galloping giantism. They are rarely "downtown," but far out on the highway, where there may be room for the thousands of cars they attract. They've become a parody of the Gross National Product.

The things people really eat—bread, milk, potato chips, canned pineapple—are deliberately placed on the floor or on the topmost shelves. The prime space in between—at eye level—is reserved for the "impulse" purchase: ceramic spoon rests, toy fire engines, Japanese pantyhose, fried agave worms, and marrons glacés. This became the accepted way to set up a market as soon as motivational researchers discovered that seven out of every ten supermarket purchases were unplanned.

The profit to be made on the fripperies can reach 80 per cent. On milk, bread, and oranges it's a meagre 1 per cent. No company can reasonably be expected to resist so persuasive an argument, and few tried.

Driving to the 1969 supermarket takes at least fifteen minutes for someone who lives in

the average Northeastern community; twenty in the Midwest, where things are a bit more spread out, and up to half an hour on the West Coast, where traffic on the freeways is appalling. (The only people who can walk to supermarkets live in what is called "the city core," and, for other reasons, they are not to be envied.) Though a few city markets in the more elegant neighbourhoods will accept phone orders and will deliver, these are an exception and a luxury.

The time-saving legend begins in the garage. It's a portal-to-portal myth. A popular size for a supermarket built within the last five years is forty thousand square feet, roomy enough to accommodate a 737 jet or a three-ring circus.

Just covering the necessary ground encumbered by a wagon, making the footling choices between eighteen kinds of liquid detergent and twenty-six varieties of powder and tracking down the scientifically hidden essentials can kill a morning. Once the selection process is over, there's still the check-out line, which varies in length with the time of day, the day of the week, and whether or not the supermarket gives stamps, premiums, and discounts for newspaper coupons: It's either long or endless.

After the shoppers have survived it, they must wheel their purchases to their cars, load them, and wheel the wagon back. At home, the whole procedure is reversed. Park. Unload. Put away. Wrap for freezer or refrigerator. Compared to the two or three stops made by the pre-supermarket customer, the system is slow. Compared to the time it takes to phone an order to a service market, it's absurd.

Supermarkets are also expensive, regardless of whether the shopper believes that time is money or that only money is money. Assume that customers are much more sophisticated
(Continued on page 52)



116

Not every Roman Contessa knows what's upstairs at 116 Via Veneto. Just the beautiful ones.

Contessa Maria Vittoria Visconti di Modrone is considered an extraordinary beauty—in a city that *specializes* in them.

So, of course, she can tell you all about 116 Via Veneto.

"It is the Eve of Roma salon, the most marvelous place. One sees everybody there—the Roman nobility, the film stars—and the international set *lives* there.

"I go when I want to feel absolutely pampered. They do such divine things for my skin—and the Eve of Roma cosmetics are, I am sure, the most beautiful in the world. I sometimes think they make them out of Roman sunlight and Roman air."

Now you can get the Eve of Roma look—

incredibly flattering, magnificently alive—right here in America. Because Eve of Roma cosmetics and skin preparations are being sold *here* now.

Discover Roman Glow, to make your complexion glow like a Roman morning. And Accento Italiano Eye Shadow, the Roman shadow that glides on over its own cream. Discover lighter-than-air creams. Skin stimulants. Masques. Miracles.

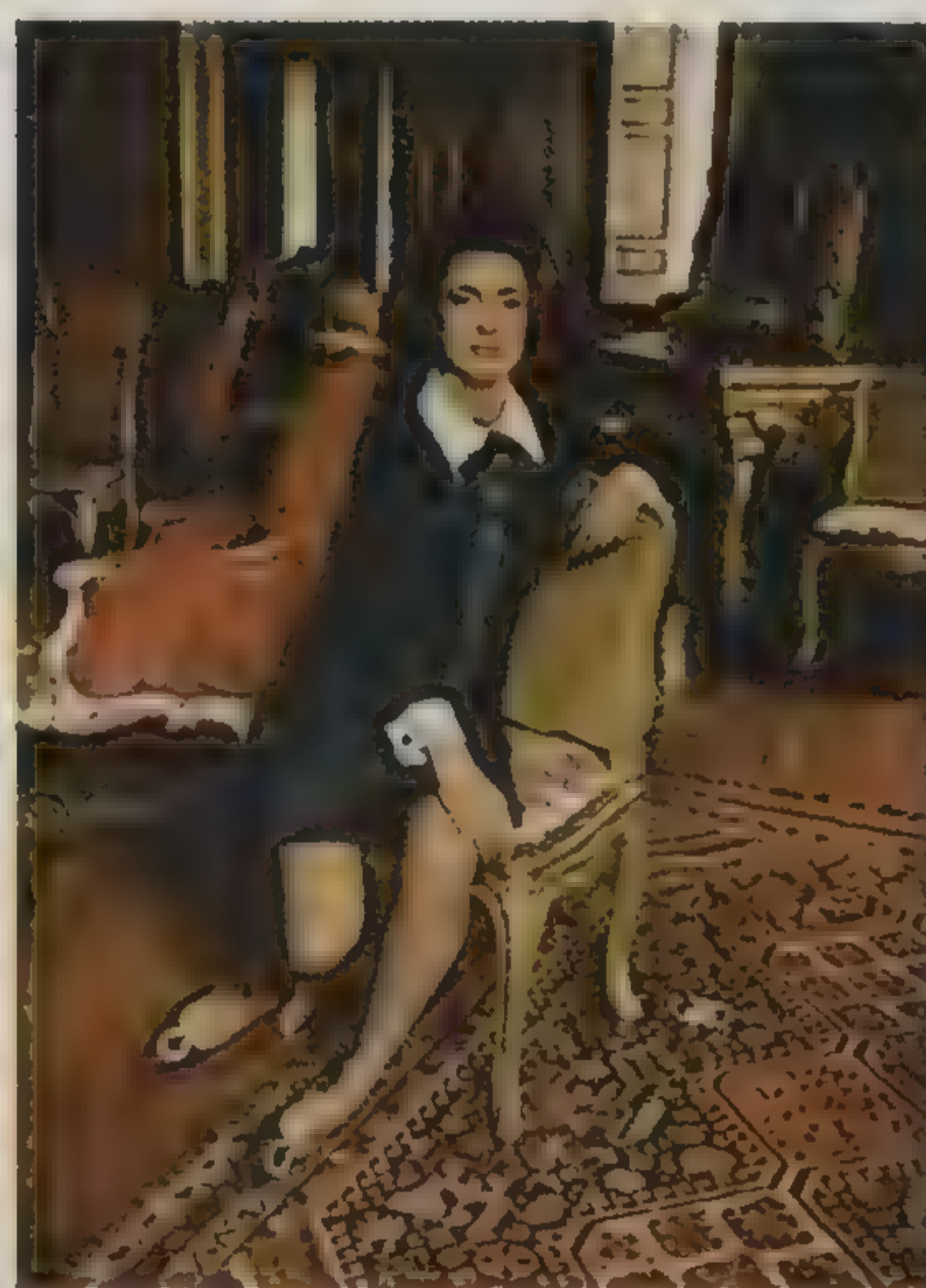
The very same, very special Eve of Roma products that made 116 Via Veneto Rome's most beautiful address. Now at hand-picked American stores, such as Lord & Taylor, Bloomingdale's, Rich's, Marshall Field, Filene's, and J. W. Robinson.



"I love the cats of Rome. I like to rescue them and bring them home. Then Gaio and I find homes for them."



Contessa di Modrone wears Eve of Roma's Veil di Veneto foundation, Roman Glow, Qui e La Contouring Cream, and Accento Italiano Eye Shadow.



Roman born, Contessa di Modrone speaks French, German, English and Italian. "But only a little Spanish."



Eve of Roma: authentic, imported Italian skin products and cosmetics.

Eve of Roma



Introducing the only unscented anti-perspirant spray you can buy. New Unscented ARRID Extra Dry. It's for people who want protection without adding another fragrance. (Now you can use a deodorant that won't clash with your favorite cologne!) The mere fact that we can make an unscented spray tells you something important about how ARRID Extra Dry really works. Most other deodorants include a fragrance of some kind as a cover-up. ARRID Extra Dry is different. It's formulated with aluminum chlorhydrate to help stop the wetness that causes perspiration odor.

We put the nice-smelling stuff into our regular spray just because some of you like it that way. But we don't put it there because we have to. Take your pick. Regular or new Unscented ARRID Extra Dry. Use daily. To be sure.

**ONLY ARRID[®] EXTRA DRY
LETS YOU TAKE YOUR PICK.**

Great Designs In Costume Jewelry

Each of these exquisitely crafted pieces won an Award for Excellence in the annual Great Designs in Costume Jewelry Awards Competition. See them—and other award-winning pieces—at your favorite store now, or write directly to the quality manufacturers listed below. All of these award-winning pieces are made with the world's finest simulated stones and beads from... **SWAROVSKI** WATTENS TYROL AUSTRIA

A. Cuffs by Lee Menichetti \$60.00 each



B. Tie by Robert Originals \$90.00



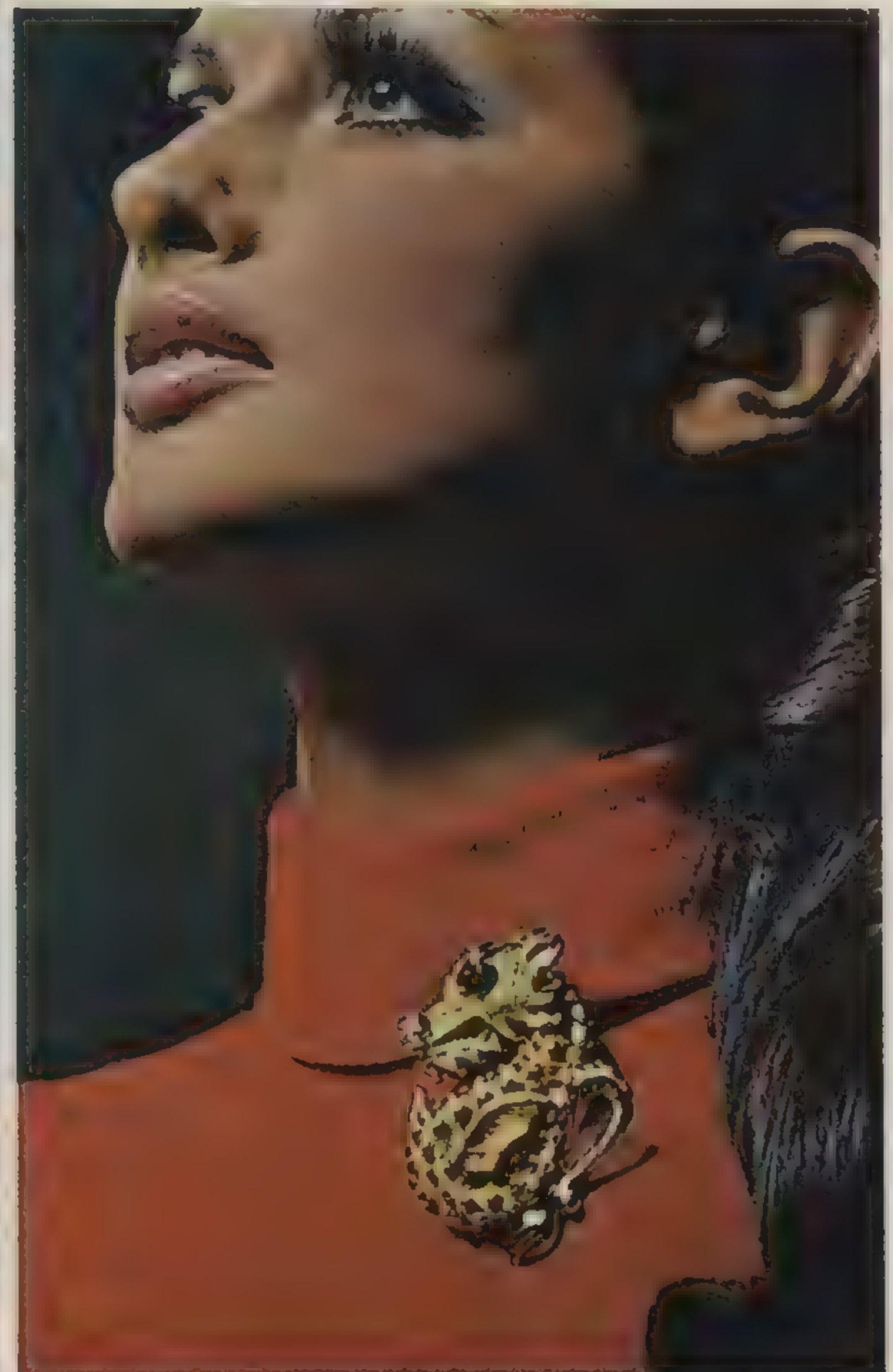
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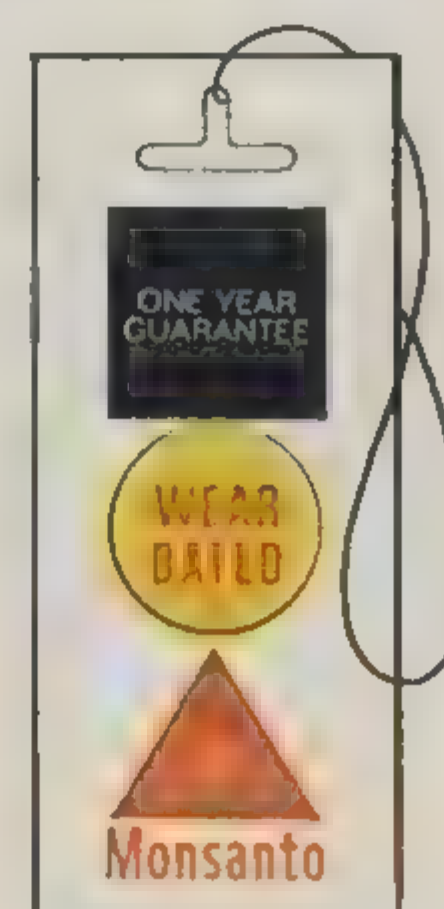
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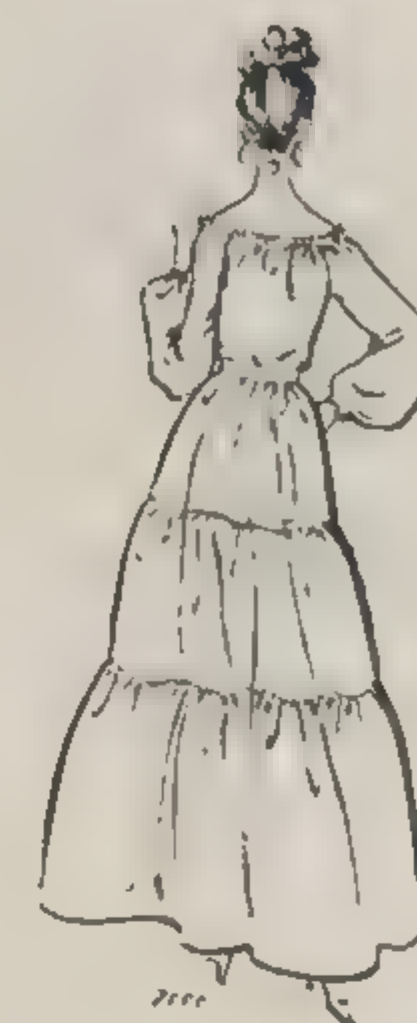
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Vogue Patterns

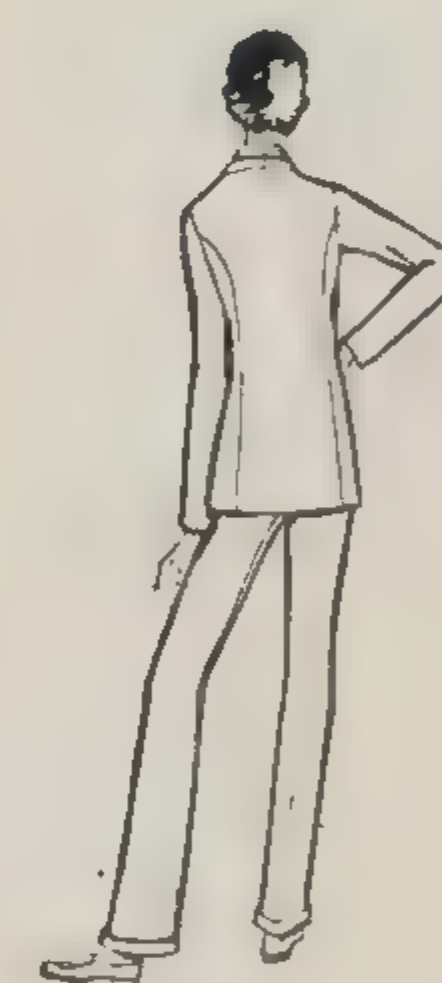
(Continued from
pages 102 to 103;
other views, yardages, details)



7650

7651

Above: The gypsy dress in blue velvet—top, Vogue Pattern 7650. Sizes small, medium, and large. Small size (8 to 10) requires 2¾ yards of 39/40" fabric with nap. \$.75. In Canada, \$.85. Skirt, Vogue Pattern 7651. Waist sizes 23" to 29". Waist size 24" requires 4⅜ yards of 39/40" fabric with nap. \$1. In Canada, \$1.10.



7606

7604

Above: Grey velvet pants suit—jacket, Vogue Pattern 7606. Sizes 8 to 18. Size 10 requires 2 yards of 57/58" fabric with nap. \$1. In Canada, \$1.10. Pants, Vogue Pattern 7604. Waist sizes 23" to 29". Waist size 24" requires 1½ yards of 57/58" fabric with nap. Pattern also includes shorts. \$1. In Canada, \$1.10.

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Supermarket

(Continued from page 45)

than the motivational researchers' ideal shoppers. Say that only *four* of their ten purchases are unplanned. They will still fill their baskets with items they don't really need.

Several hundred thousand people inadvertently proved this hypothesis during last winter's Hong Kong flu epidemic. Temporarily deprived of the convenience and economy of their supermarkets, they were obliged to call the surviving grocery in their area, read their lists of essentials, and have the food delivered. At first, the price differences were shocking, but somehow, at the end of the week, the total grocery bills were anywhere from a fifth to a third less than they had been.

Families discovered that while they were clearly paying more for individual items, they were buying only what they needed. The produce was of a better quality, and the meat had been closely trimmed and cut to order. Delivered daily, it didn't have to be specially wrapped and stored in the freezer. Everything tasted better.

The very sizeable savings achieved by staying away from the supermarket increase as soon as one places a monetary value on time, and they can spiral even higher in the suburbs when the cost of running the car is added. Furthermore, since any sensible person will try to limit supermarket excursions to one or two a week, there is bound to be a certain percentage of food that spoils before it can be used, or that is no longer at optimum condition when it is served. Freezing and refrigeration may maintain foodstuffs, but no one seriously suggests that it *improves* them.

The supermarket myth of variety and choice is even more deeply entrenched than the myth of economy. Aisle after aisle, as far as the eye can see, is crammed with boxes, cans, jars, and packages. An ever-shrinking percentage of this is actually food; an even smaller portion is fresh or, more precisely, unprocessed. Look at the signs over the aisles: Paper goods. Cleaning aids. Hair care. Toiletries. Pet

food. Cosmetics. There are also the specialities in season: papier-mâché pumpkins for Halloween; green hats for March 17; Christmas tree ornaments: beach balls, bathing caps, and bug repellent all summer long.

What seems to be variety is simply duplication: the same thing offered in different brands and shapes, all essentially at the same price and serving the same purpose. One can have dehydrated potatoes five ways—flakes, buds, beads, shreds, powder: but the whole Idahos are sprouting in their Pliofilm bags. Although fruit is available frozen, jarred, syrup-packed, water-packed, and artificially sweetened, it's a rare supermarket that has more than one box of embalmed peaches, picked two weeks ago two thousand miles away and shipped under conditions designed to prevent inconvenient ripening.

One by one, the more delicate and perishable strains of fruit and vegetables have been dropped from the American menu, phased out because they're not durable enough to withstand the rigours of machine picking, chemical preservation, and cross-country travel. Within the past ten years, we've passively relinquished white corn, tart red cherries, Boston and Bibb lettuce, any thin-skinned citrus, and most berries.

Veal is virtually unobtainable outside the largest cities, and the frozen fillet has almost entirely replaced fresh fish in the country's markets. Real choice narrows as fake choice proliferates. The supermarket dictates our diet to suit itself.

Most of the larger chains offer house brands in addition to the standards. Because they're not nationally advertised and are often of slightly lower quality than the prestige brands, the private label products cost the large chains considerably less. The lower wholesale price, however, does not necessarily mean that the customer saves by choosing the house brand. At the most, the difference is a penny or two, noticeable only when the house brand appears as a "special." Considering the fact that almost no money is spent to promote them, house brands should be a bargain every day.

Now, after forty years, the supermarket myth is suddenly showing its age. Working women do not have the spare time to devote to bargain hunting. The rôle of consumer as a way of life has begun to pall. Americans are enjoying far more discretionary income than ever before and the supermarket is not the preferred place to spend it. When community projects, travel, and sports become more alluring than markets, pennies matter less than hours.

Here and there, the supermarkets are beginning to revive service—often as an optional extra. For a surcharge, in a few of its self-service stores, Gristede's will accept telephone orders, open charge accounts, and deliver purchases. This particular chain had never entirely dropped the small service stores, but it did convert most of its shops to supers. Now the trend is being reversed, and the experiment is working amazingly well.

The success of the "convenience" stores, however, has been even more sensational. These represent a genuine revival of a very old idea. Such stores stock a limited supply of essentials in one relatively small space of about 2,500 square feet. They often stay open for eighteen hours a day, and usually charge considerably more than the supers. Essentially, they are designed to serve five hundred families—a neighbourhood rather than a county. They are nothing more than a return to the Mom and Pop grocery of fifty years ago. There's just one difference. Because many of these are franchise operations, the risk to the individual entrepreneur is somewhat reduced. He's on his own, but there's a big company behind him, offering advice, help, and the sort of buying power that was once the exclusive province of the giants.

Some super chains have recently begun to open grocery boutiques of their own, naming them all sorts of coy and affectionate diminutives. There are Tinee Giants, Jif-E Marts, Kwik Shops, E-Zee Foods, Li'l Generals, Save-U Marts, Tic-Toc's, and nearly two dozen others. There's actually a string of stores called, most appropriately, Mr. Grocer.



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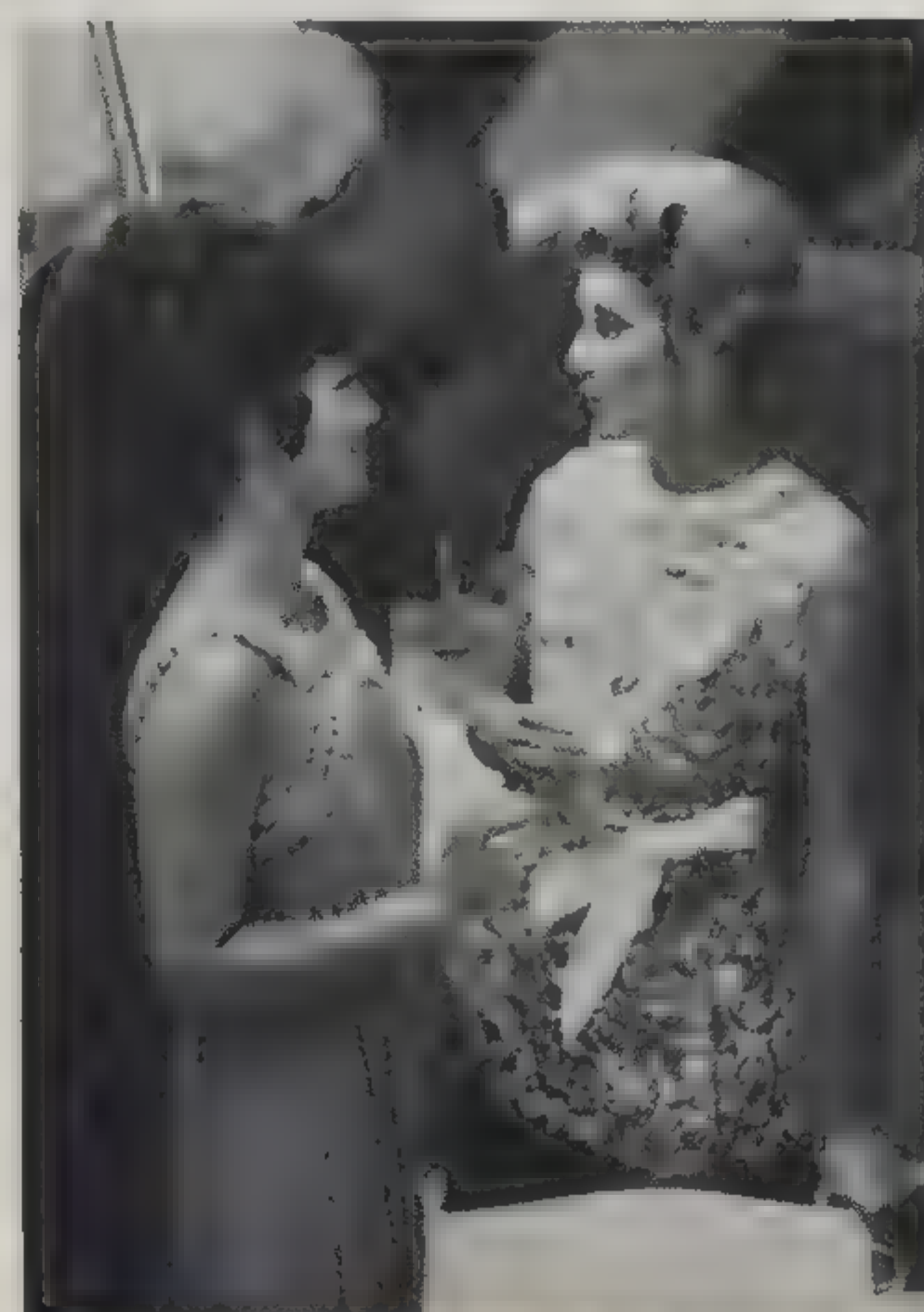
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2



3



4

MIKE SMITH

A calliope chugged out its tunes and an elephant shuffled a lazy frug. The annual Birmingham Symphony Ball for the benefit of this notable Alabama orchestra was under way in two red-and-white-striped big tops, above one of which floated a "balloonman" clutching his errant wares.

In one tent, a dazzling gold carousel whirled one band in circles as pretty girls disguised as Pierrots peddled boxes of Cracker Jack—the prizes this time: diamonds and gold. In the second tent, outfitted in bright red, blue, yellow, and green, two more bands oompahed for dancers moving between the giraffe tent-poles and dinner tables sprouting balloons. "The only way to top it," one guest said, "would be to feed nudes to the lions while a chorus of eight hundred sang selections from *Hair*."



5

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Ambush by Dana

NOTEBOOK

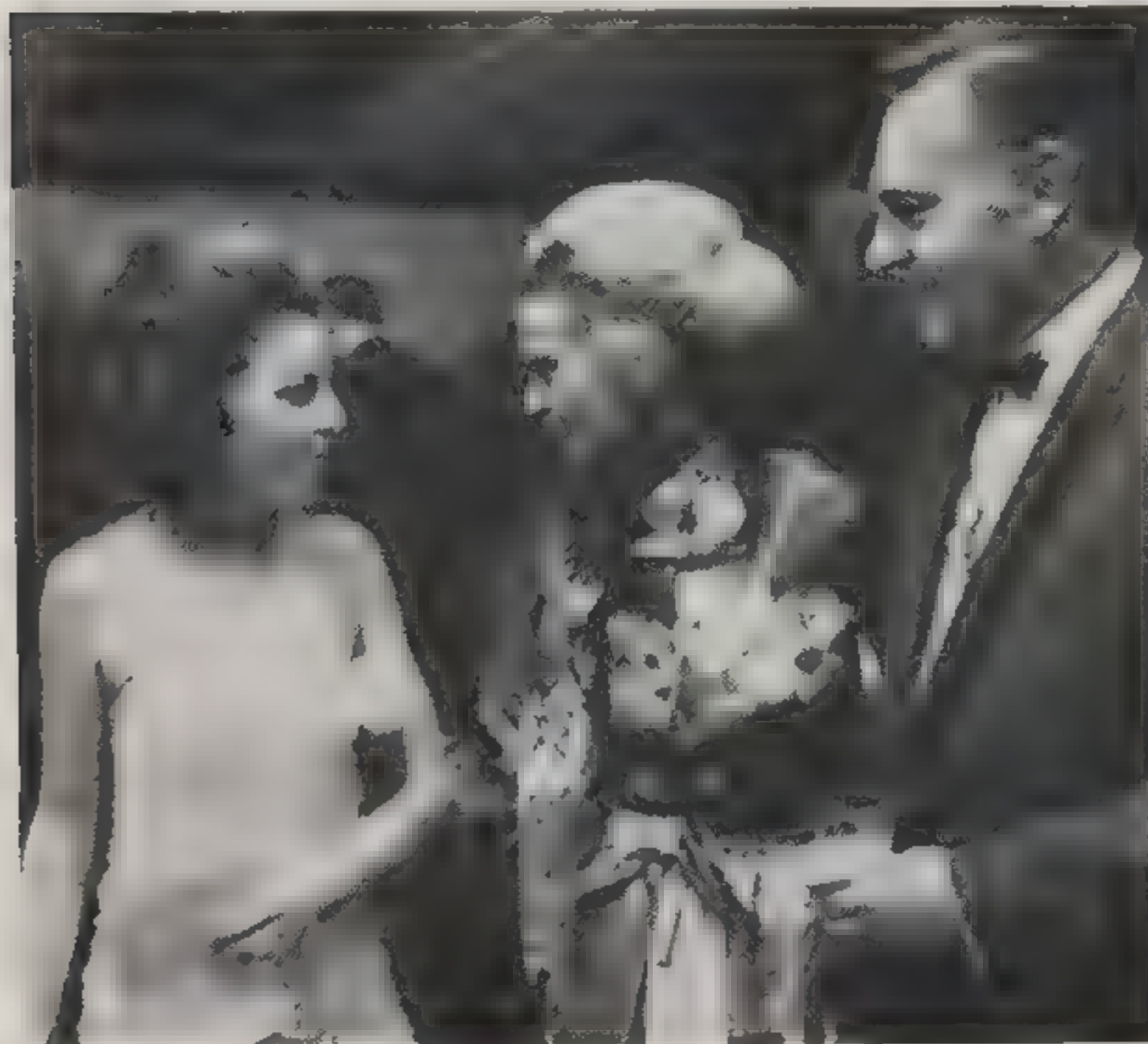


6



7

1. Big-top tent—where they dined and danced. 2. Mr. Albert Traina; Mrs. Sam M. Boykin, junior. 3. Mrs. John H. Schuler, Mr. Joseph Witson. 4. Mrs. John Cox; Mrs. Crawford Johnson, III. 5. Mrs. Frank Bromberg, junior, Mrs. Frank Thomas, Mr. Micajah Lupton, Mr. Frank Bromberg, junior (standing). 6. Mrs. James M. Burt, III; Mr. Joseph Whitson; Mrs. Conrad Rafield, junior; Mr. John Milloway. 7. Mr. John Jacobson and Mrs. Richard Pizitz. 8. Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Mudd. 9. Mrs. Robert P. Shook, Mrs. Charles Ireland, Mr. Robert P. Shook. 10. Stage of circus performance.



9



8



10

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Movies

BY ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

Z, "passionate artistry"

In May 1963 Gregorios Lambrakis, a progressive leader in the Greek parliament, was killed as he left a peace meeting in Salonika. The police pronounced his death a motor accident. But the autopsy cast doubt on this theory; and an examining magistrate, defying official pressure to close the case, conducted a long and patient investigation. The trail finally led to a secret right-wing organization and from there to officials of the police and the army.

The trial in 1966 stirred nationalist emotions. The murderers got off with light sentences and the officials behind the crime were acquitted, though forced into retirement. Six months later the colonels set up their dictatorship in Athens and rehabilitated the instigators of the murder. Vassili Vassilikos, a young Greek writer in exile, soon wrote a novel about the Lambrakis affair called *Z* (from *Zet*: "He lives"), and Constantin Costa-Gavras, a French director of Greek origin, has now made it into this exceptionally strong and arresting film.

Let me say at once that the film is not cast as a political polemic. Its form is that of a detective story: a murder, a mystery, doubts, frustrations, breakthroughs, solutions. People who have never heard of Lambrakis, or for that matter of Greece, will find this the most absorbing suspense thriller of the year. But, because of the passionate artistry which emerges when intensity of conviction is joined to intensity of control, *Z* transcends the thriller form and becomes the most memorable political film of the decade, rivalled only by Resnais's *La Guerre est finie* in 1966.

The power of the film comes in great part from its humanism. Both Costa-Gavras's direction and the dialogue of Jorge Semprun, himself a refugee from the Spanish dictatorship, move beyond melodrama to the complexities of social relationships. The political types are marvellously delineated. One has so often seen the deputy and his supporters, decent men in a brutal world, at liberal Democratic caucuses and ADA meetings. Even the right-wing terrorists are perceived with a measure of sympathy. Most are ignorant, distraught people responding, as they think, to high motives of religion and patriotism. Violence suffuses the picture, but for once it is an organic part of the drama.

All this is reinforced by great technical proficiency—the swift, insistent pacing of the narration, the lucid beauty of the photography (by Raoul Coutard, who has served Godard and Truffaut so well in the past), the conviction of the acting. Yves Montand, with that seamed, haunted face, is fine and sensitive as the deputy, knowing the risks involved but doing what he had to do. Jean-Louis Trintignant, sardonic and dispassionate as the magistrate, Irene Papas, magnificent in grief as the deputy's wife, and the supporting cast are all superb.

In a way *Z* is a sequel to the Resnais film. It has the same author in Semprun and the same hero in Montand. Where the earlier picture showed the exhaustion of the impulse of communist conspiracy, *Z* shows the capacity of decent democrats to fight back in the open so long as speech, the press, and the courts remain free. The only way the Greek Right could dispose of the Lambrakis murder was to establish the dictatorship of Papadopoulos. *Z* might well have been called *La Guerre n'est pas finie*.



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Theatre

BY ANTHONY WEST

Indians, "robust, lively"

Arthur Kopit's whack at tragedy is a good deal of a success. He has had the bright idea of presenting the legend of Buffalo Bill as a conscious entity and making us privy to the torment inflicted upon it by its knowledge of its falsity. The notion is given a brilliant assist by Oliver Smith's uncurtained set. This presents the arriving audience with two dummy Indians and a dummy Bill Cody under glass in a beautifully stylized parody of one of those tacky waxwork museums that befoul the tourist routes through the West. When the audience has been seated, these wax people float up through the roof and the ghosts of the real frontier come out of the shadows to tear the legend to pieces. The ghosts are, in particular, Sitting Bull and his tribe, who were finally killed off in one of the ugliest massacres of the Indian wars. They re-enact Cody's life with the assistance of the legendary Cody of the flowing golden hair, the high boots, and the spotless white coat. It makes a strangely moving and stirring ballet pantomime, a credit to absolutely everyone concerned, in which the Indians search for the meaning of their extinction, and Cody strives to find some rationale for the process that made him the embodiment of an untruth. It's a robust, lively show, with an ending on a dying fall that wrings the heart with pity for all men who have unanswerable questions to ask of history.

A Patriot for Me, "sedated Teddy bear"

Alfred Redl, the hero of John Osborne's play at the Imperial, existed, in what is sometimes referred to as real life, at the turn of the century. He was a grubby mediocrity born too soon to achieve his manifest destiny as the subject of a *Confidential* article. As a queer officer in the Austrian army who had no private means and couldn't live on his pay, he fell into the hands of the Russian intelligence service and became a spy. As a queer spy he had a wretched time, dismally lost control of his vices and his life, and came at last to a miserable end, harassed and driven beyond endurance from within and without. An excessively long biography of this piece of third-rate human material appeared in the late 'fifties, but all that it demonstrated was that it is possible to experience the most intense private misery and to get oneself into the most complicated mess without achieving any kind of aesthetic interest or importance.

John Osborne's play follows the poor chump from his beginnings to his messy end rather in the manner of a somewhat old-fashioned radio documentary. The speeches are careful, plausible, didactic, leaden, and without any kind of dramatic tension. The writing is all very bang on and pre-Pinter, and the action moves at snail's pace. Things are not improved by Maximilian Schell's performance in the rôle of the unfortunate Redl, which continually suggests a heavily sedated Teddy bear.

As for the transvestite orgy in Act II that has given rise to so much talk, it smacks more of familiarity with fancy dress balls on cruise ships than experience of the seamy side of the lower depths. The rather less publicized bare bottom at the end of Act I is a bare bottom, and that's about all that there is to be said for or against it. The thing is, in short, a stately and pretentious lemon.

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT London

BY QUENTIN CREWE

"Is there nothing sacred here?"

The wife of the vicar of a small village near Dorking found that the doormat outside her husband's church had been stolen. "Is nothing sacred?" she asked plaintively. Her sentiments were echoed by the vicar of another church near Huddersfield. The ashes of one of his parishioners, who had moved from the district, were sent to him, through the ordinary mails, for burial. "It rubs me up the wrong way to receive remains through the post," he protested.

Is nothing sacred? Certainly nothing seems to be quite what it used to be, and our season has been punctuated with uneasy surprises. Some of them have been mild enough, if affronting to the conservative. A Number 11 bus, for instance, has been weaving its way through London's traffic, alarming passengers by not being red, which everyone knows is half the point of London buses. This one has a patriotic scene painted on it, depicting in gay, poster-style, pastel colours guardsmen marching past Buckingham Palace. It is, in reality, a large advertisement for a paint firm, but it looks strange and, despite the reassuring nature of its subject matter, passengers hesitate to board it. The cynical benefit, however, because it is the one bus on which they may be sure of a seat, even in the rush hour.

The City of London has been reeling at the strange adventures of Pergamon Press, the publishing house owned by Robert Maxwell, a Labour Member of Parliament of Czechoslovakian origin, best known for a misjudged campaign called Backing Britain. Saul Steinberg, of the American company Leasco, made a take-over bid for Pergamon. He then cancelled the offer, then made another. He and Mr. Maxwell were like those two people in a weatherman's house: When one came out and said one thing the other said the opposite. Such were the exits and the entrances that the merchant bankers advising them paled, one of Mr. Maxwell's resigned, and the whole city came to wonder what is sacred.

Nothing, of course. Walter Annenberg, the United States Ambassador, also wondered. He generously exhibited his collection of paintings at the Tate Gallery where one critic judged them to be even better than John Hay Whitney's. One result of the exhibition, Mr. Annenberg told me, was that a Japanese firm sent a message to ask what price the Ambassador would want for the whole collection. Mr. Annenberg does think things are sacred. He replied that for no price would he sell them—it was like asking him to put a price on his family.

To politicians, naturally, nothing is sacred. Not even the female prerogative of doing the same work as a man for less money. Barbara Castle, our Minister of Labour, has promised equal pay for women by 1975. This has outraged half the nation, which does not relish the thought of diminished male dominance—though much of the outrage may be stimulated by the fact that this unsacred gesture will cost employers at least \$480 million a year.

Privacy has been assaulted according to Lord Longford by the publication by a newspaper of Christine Keeler's memoirs. Miss Keeler was the girl in the middle of the great scandal in 1963 that led to the resignation from office and from Parliament of the War Minister, John Profumo. Lord Longford feels it unfair to rake over past scandals (some say (Continued on page 62))



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**THE
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Vogue's Spotlight: London

(Continued from page 60)

because a potential Labour scandal is a-brewing) while Miss Keeler says everyone else has had their say, so why shouldn't she?

Anthony Blond, the publisher, finds little sacred, so he is publishing the famous saucy limericks of the late Norman Douglas. They have only reached England before in pirated editions, printed by the Italians. However, in deference to some code, he is leaving out one limerick about Queen Victoria's anatomy.

Those who regard the division between classical music and pop as unbridgeably sacred got their surprise from Jon Lord's première at the Albert Hall of his *Concerto for Group and Orchestra*. First came the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra playing classically, then the Deep Purple, playing popularly. During that part the Royal Philharmonic smiled and tapped their feet. Then they came together. It was not great but it was, as Jon Lord put it, "a beginning."

The sacred Loch Ness monster has been upset, with sonar blastings trying to drive him into one corner of the loch or disprove his existence. But I suspect that he is too deeply imbedded in folklore to be dislodged by science.

Some things are sacred. As, for instance, Elizabethan tradition. Dr. Roy Strong, the spirited director of the National Portrait Gallery, has gathered a dramatic collection of Elizabethan painting, sculpture, miniatures, books, and armour which will open at the end of November at the Tate Gallery. Here at least we should feel safe, although nothing can be guaranteed.

People who went to Chessington Zoo recently found in one of the cages not animals but three people labelled Homo Sapiens just living normally. Some visitors laughed, others looked sad. One man stormed away in a temper. "They should bloody well be locked up," he shouted rather unperspicaciously.

* * * *

As I feel that there are only about twenty people in London sophisticated enough to understand instantly the full charm of the Barracuda, a restaurant on Baker Street, I will have to elaborate rather than risk your not recognizing that this ought at once to become the chicest place in London.

You plunge down a huge 'thirties staircase and find on the right a bar. It seems to be forty miles of sofas—long, long, buttoned brown leather sofas. There is a dark wooden bar and on the walls modern pictures. It is anonymous, and all you can think about is how much the sofas cost. Then you move across the hall to the restaurant.

Splosh, and your arms are flailing because, plainly, you have wandered into the world of Jacques Cousteau. All is blue and green and vast. There is no certainty where the boundaries are. What should be walls are mirrors and what should be reflections are greater distances. As beneath the sea, everything is magnified. The tables are huge and far apart, the chairs are islands of pale space. There are pillars and vaults all covered in green baize, prompting someone to ask how many billiard tables had gone into the making of the ceiling. It has no business to be bearable. Had the food not been remarkable the knife-edge on which this place teeters would have cut.

Now we come to the real point. There is a band. I put it to you—a band. Not a group or any nonsense like that. A twangy, squeezey band exactly of the kind you might have heard in an unsmart hotel in Viareggio in the 'fifties. It is not credible, this band. "Ay yay yay ay, eey yeey yeey eey," they sing. And it is beautiful. You sob with laughter for a while in disbelief, then you realize you love it. In this 11,000 square foot underwater grotto, there was no other kind of music to have. Go with no resistance and you will slowly find out how groovy you are. If you do not feel by the end of the evening that the Barracuda is a specialized perfection, you had better stay where you are.



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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Underground

BY JOHN GRUEN

Archiworks, "collapsible cities"

Archiworks? It's another in a constellation of avant-garde attempts to change the face of art completely. Sometimes called "Impossible Art," these attempts and tendencies have already produced such phenomena as *Earthworks*, *Waterworks*, *Skyworks*, *Thinkworks*, and *Nihilworks*. Now comes *Archiworks*, created by an international group of angry young architects rebelling against the stale traditions of their professions. Unlike their fellow artists working in these movements—men primarily more involved in the *process* of their work than in creating either permanence or dogma—*Archiworks*'s practitioners are deeply interested in the practical and functional aspects of their art.

Simply, their program is aimed at making this a better world to live in. It is their idea, for example, to create whole new cities: not a novel thought by any means. Artists from da Vinci to Frank Lloyd Wright and Buckminster Fuller have had similar dreams. But this new breed of architect, with limitless technology at its disposal, wishes to re-invent an urban environment that would include such concepts as collapsible cities, cities that can be moved from place to place, or instant cities.

These dramatic and visionary concepts have been more than hinted at by scholars in the field. In an address delivered in Dallas during an annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Athelstan Spilhaus, president of The Franklin Institute, touched on this subject, speaking about *The Experimental City*: "In my proposal for the Experimental City, the central thought is to start nuclei, de novo, spaced far enough from existing cities so that when they have reached the optimum size there will still be enough reserved land unencroached around them. Essential people-services will be pre-planned for the number of people the city is to contain. Entirely new technologies—pollutionless factories; noiseless, fumeless transportation; re-use of waste; and a complete information utility would be planned. Buildings will be demountable as rapid technological and social change makes them obsolete. Even community structures should be completely flexible. . . ."

Archiworks artists are all of this mind, except that they go even further. Artist-architect John P. Grady is thinking of building an inflatable and deflatable city, one that can be moved from one place to another. Stanley Tigerman has conceived of an "Instant City" designed for rapid assembly; or a "Walking City" in which city-sized machines walk on long telescopic legs. In England, a team of architects calling itself *Archigram* has come up with "A Tower of Pleasure" designed along the lines of a Cape Kennedy space rocket. While the industrial form is favoured, it will be put to the service of limitless entertainment. Theatres, cabarets, movie houses, gymnasiums, and restaurants will be housed in the compartments of the Tower/Rocket.

While these plans and projects are mainly to be found on the drawing board, forward-looking city planners are studying them with interest. The mind may reel, but *Archiworks* could be the answer to the serious urban problems faced by cities the world over. Or, as Columbia University art history professor George Collins recently wrote, *Archiworks* are an attempt to strike back at the "megalomaniacal scale on which our urban environment presses down on us."

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT Books

BY JOHN FAIRFIELD

Supergrow, "real mischief"

Ever since the days when Emerson brought the business of polishing up commonplaces to a fine art, America has had an available pedestal for anyone with the nerve to adopt what may be called the avant-square position. In this slim volume, *Supergrow* (Dutton), Professor Benjamin De Mott, an absolute master of the art of assuming absolutely secure middle-ground positions with an air of reckless daring, may be seen to be climbing modestly on to it, toting his little bundle of homespun insights.

You want to know what's really wrong with those jazzy ideas of lightfoot McLuhan? Then De Mott's your man. He won't tell you. He'll lead you gently up to the point where you're ready to ask yourself the question that he's kind enough to frame for you: *How much can be said for an intellectual vision whose effect is to encourage abdication from all responsibility of mind?* By the time you've seen that the question is in the absolute sense meaningless (it has nothing to do with McLuhan's ideas, and the common nouns in it don't mean anything in particular), good old De Mott is asking another question: *All at once "they"—the opinion-makers, tastemakers, types who Know and Know—were hailing rock music as a high road to cultural and even spiritual salvation: Should sane folk buy that jazz?* Sane folk, natch, turn out to be: "People . . . who hunt for the old musical pleasures and go on making the traditional musical discriminations. . . ." These trumps are really in there pitching, preserving "a civilized value now beleaguered on many fronts."

The professor is always beating you to it with questions and he does it again this time. "What value, exactly? Just conceivably, nothing less than that of the self itself." But it is also just conceivable that there is no "they," that there are no such cultural entities as "opinion-makers," or "tastemakers," that there is no menace, and that the essay says nothing whatever worth saying, while managing to put a case for believing that the simple negative act of being stuffy about rock is an important positive contribution to the defense of something or other.

In this case De Mott is simply flattering codgers' prejudices, but he can do worse. His essay entitled "Supergrow" makes real mischief. "At first glance they look downright insignificant—the kid fixers, the Supergrow brainfood crowd." A rotten, sneakily obscure lot, it seems: "None of the authors is famous. . . . None holds a top establishment job . . ."; two of them, it seems, "fill a research associates' slot at a making-it Midwestern State U." In fact, these unspeakables are persons who feel that the conspicuous defect of American education in general is that it doesn't make the most of the educatability of young children, and who have had the temerity to propose remedies for the defect that Professor De Mott doesn't happen to like. And since they have expressed themselves in a utilitarian idiom that seems vulgar to him, he has a happy time caricaturing their case.

De Mott is for something refined called Innergrow. . . . "We seek something more than proficiency or privacy or preparation for next year's objective tests. We want appetites and responsiveness, a feeling of personal unity and togetherness, belief in the possibility of meeting a problem by using the mind, openness to pleasures. . . ." If it is right-thinking waffle you want, Professor De Mott is your man.

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HOROSCOPE

November 15
through
November 30

ARIES. March 21 to April 19. The first cardinal (chief), Fire (burst) sign. Your ruler, Mars, continues to occupy the modern progressive sign of Aquarius, stimulating you to circulate with unusual speed as you excite a new way of life. The planet Uranus cooperates from the 16th to the 19th as you reach a peak of accomplishment. From the 20th to the 24th don't be too extravagant if your associates' money is involved. On the 29th and 30th, the month ends on a joyous note as you are praised for the brave new ideas you have initiated.

T AURUS. April 20 to May 20. The fixed (stationary), Earth (settled) sign. The 16th relieves you of the tensions older partners were imposing. A burden is fading. Let others direct the action from the 21st to the 23rd; you follow. Your ruler, Venus, in the sign of Scorpio, a power-struggle sign, does not suit your peaceful nature. The 26th to the 28th are the best days for you to spend with those who care.

G EMINI. May 21 to June 21. The first mutable (variable), Air (restless) sign. Mercury, your ruler, in power-loving Scorpio should stimulate a message involving an idea of importance on the 16th. Concentrate at once to prepare for acceptance by the 19th, your strongest day for accomplishment. If changing into a new form of expression would interest you, since you are dual, the 25th provides support from an unusual source with a surprise ending on the 29th.

C ANCER. June 22 to July 22. The second cardinal (temperance), Water (pliable) sign. You have been fanned back and forth by the predominance of Air signs. The 17th and 18th rescue you from this temporary state. An unexpected invitation on the 18th changes your direction. Give full attention to those suggestions. Analyze them, then on the 27th and 28th you make your choice to sign an agreement or contract on the 29th in the early morning.

L EO. July 23 to August 22. The second fixed (attached), Fire (glowing) sign. You do not thrive in Water because there are four planets in Scorpio, the sign that challenges you. It is best to wait until the 20th to release your consolidated energies. Organize an important plan on the 22nd. Communicate with every new source or new person on the 24th. The 25th should be spent on a very personal endeavour. On the 29th, a rather unusual proposal ends this month of mixed emotions.

V IRGO. August 23 to September 22. The second mutable (unsettled), Earth (prudent) sign. The 17th starts a very fruitful period for you. A new plan takes hold with immediate responses on the 19th. By the 20th, you are established in a new rôle. Your ruler, Mercury, changes signs on the 20th entering Sagittarius and making your thoughts turn to romantic ideas. A new friendship could begin on the 25th, developing into a worthwhile relationship, the significance of which can be realized by the 29th.

L IBRA. September 23 to October 23. The third cardinal (principle), Air (indifferent) sign. Mercury, in the marriage sign of Libra, is signaling messages of proposals on one side, with Neptune promising popular career on the other from the 16th to the 20th. Career comes first, of course, on the 19th. The 20th is time enough to accept the dreamed-of one. With your ruler, Venus, in Scorpio, take your time. The last day, the 30th, discloses a secret.

S CORPIO. October 24 to November 21. The third fixed (constant), Water (secretive) sign. With four planets in very strong conjunction in your sign on the 16th, 17th, 18th, your word or signature would command urgent attention. Every business negotiation should be completed on the 19th and 20th. Avoid extravagant promises on the 22nd. You will be held firmly to it or lose a friend. The 28th heralds a spiritual victory.

S AGITTARIUS. November 22 to December 21. The third mutable (alternating), last Fire (enlightened) sign. You will receive an important proposal on the 17th. Withhold acceptance until the 19th. If both business and a new relationship coincide, then give the business idea first consideration. The 25th is time enough to give serious thoughts to an important friendship, either to propose or to accept. As the 29th is so harmonious to fulfillment of serious intentions, personal matters should be confirmed on this best day.

C APRICORN. December 22 to January 19. The fourth and last cardinal (regulator), Earth (basic) sign. You may find the more progressive methods of business associates disturbing. The 18th relieves the tension. Early on the 19th, a message from a new source is more important than it seems, which will be proved by the 25th and 26th when an important organization engages your talents. The 27th should be spent enjoying your family.

A QUARIUS. January 20 to February 18. The last and fourth fixed (established), Air (transient) sign. The new friend met on the 16th could be lost late in the night should the visit last too long. To disagree with someone you love on the 18th is too extravagant a use of your energy. The 22nd will find an old friend who may be in need of your counselling. From the 24th to the 29th, you are ripe with remarkable ideas. Distribute and circulate them everywhere.

P ISCES. February 19 to March 20. The fourth common (submissive), Water (discontent) sign. Your ruler, Neptune, is gathering strength and power as it hurries towards its final degree. With Venus in tow, your social life should be sensational. A message on the 19th is vital. Do not lose a new friend on the 20th. The 25th to the 30th presents the greatest business offers.



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FOOD IN VOGUE

The André Pieyre de Mandiargues: rabbit with snails

BY NINETTE LYON

For André Pieyre de Mandiargues, the French writer whose novels are often as steamy as a rain forest, food is a glory in the larger sensuality of living. With Bona, his Italian wife, and their daughter, cryptically and affectionately referred to as The Child, Pieyre de Mandiargues shares a household that is a cosy contrast to the purplish tinge of his American successes, *The Girl Beneath the Lion* and *The Motorcycle*, or of his current Prix Goncourt bestseller in France, *La Marge*, published here by Grove Press as *The Margin*.

Pieyre de Mandiargues, a trifle distant, a bit on the quiet side, sat with his head thrown back, listening. He speaks with a curious, somewhat black sense of humour, and talked of rabbit cooked with snails in Spain and of dreams of pheasant stuffed with mussels, sprinkled with Piguet's "Brigand"—a heavy, rather frank perfume—and swimming in chocolate sauce with bits of angelica. He recalled a woman painter who served tapioca cooked in fish-head broth, coloured with paprika, and arranged on a bed of ice with lemon. She shrugged her shoulders and said, "This caviar isn't the best but it is from the Caspian. . . ." One guest, the film director Luis Buñuel, left abruptly saying, "How can one serve caviar when there are children hungry. . . ."

Bona laughed. At times, in her latest disguise—perhaps barefoot and pigtailed in a Mexican smock—she is unrecognizable. But André Pieyre de Mandiargues revels in her imagination: the paintings, the fabric collages, the dreams she puts down on paper. They are easy with one another. He loves to wander through the market collecting the ingredients for his choice, at times wild dishes. Bona supplies the cakes and pastries and sometimes the peasant dishes of her Italian childhood. Between them, there is, one way or the other, the fascination of the lion for the lion tamer.

*Recipes are given for starred dishes.

A Mexican menu:

Ceviche and guacamole with tequila

Mole Poblano*

Rice

Fruit salad with pomegranates

Wine: well-chilled rosé

An Italian menu:

Parma prosciutto with fresh figs

Tripe alla Fiorentina*

**Sliced mozzarella, sprinkled
with olive oil and pepper**

Lemon sherbet

Wine: Valpolicella

Mole Poblano

In Mexico this dish is made with turkey—which they call guajolote—chicken, or pork. In the following recipe use a good-sized chicken to serve 4 people or a young turkey for more.

1 chicken

4 cups boiling water

*Bouquet garni of thyme, bay leaves,
parsley, and a celery stalk*

2 tablespoons butter

1 onion, finely chopped

5 tomatoes, peeled and seeded

2 cloves garlic, minced

*5 to 6 teaspoons mole powder
(see shopping note below)*

Salt

Tomato concentrate (optional)

Put the chicken in a heavy pan and half cover with boiling salted water, add the bouquet garni and cook slowly 40 to 50 minutes. Drain the chicken and continue cooking the broth until it has reduced to half. Meanwhile sauté the finely chopped onion until soft but not browned, add the peeled and seeded tomatoes, minced garlic, and a little of the chicken stock. Cook slowly for about 20 minutes then put through a food chopper or blender. Return to the fire and add the mole powder and 1½ cups of chicken stock. If the sauce is too strong, add a little tomato concentrate. Cut the chicken into serving pieces, put them into the sauce, and heat slowly. Serve with rice.

Tripe alla Fiorentina

2 lb. tripe

(whole or honeycomb)

3 tablespoons butter

1 onion, finely chopped

1 stalk celery

*4 large tomatoes,
peeled and seeded*

Powdered thyme

Salt and pepper

Cayenne pepper (optional)

5 tablespoons

grated Parmesan cheese

Boil tripe in salted water about an hour. (Tripe is usually sold half-cooked; consult butcher about cooking time.) Drain and cut in thin strips. In a heavy skillet cook the finely chopped onion and celery in 2 tablespoons butter until soft. Add the peeled and seeded tomatoes and a little water. Leave to simmer slowly until the tomatoes are soft and then add the tripe, thyme, salt, and pepper (cayenne, if you wish). Cover and cook slowly for at least 1½ hours, adding boiling water when necessary. The tripe should be soft and the sauce thick. Pour into ovenproof dish, sprinkle with Parmesan cheese, dot with butter. Brown in a moderate oven.

Shopping note.

Mole is a powder made up of numerous ground ingredients: a variety of very strong chilis, almonds, peanuts, garlic, aniseed, cinnamon, cloves, and unsweetened cocoa. A good source in New York City is Casa Moneo Spanish Imports at 210 West 14th Street.



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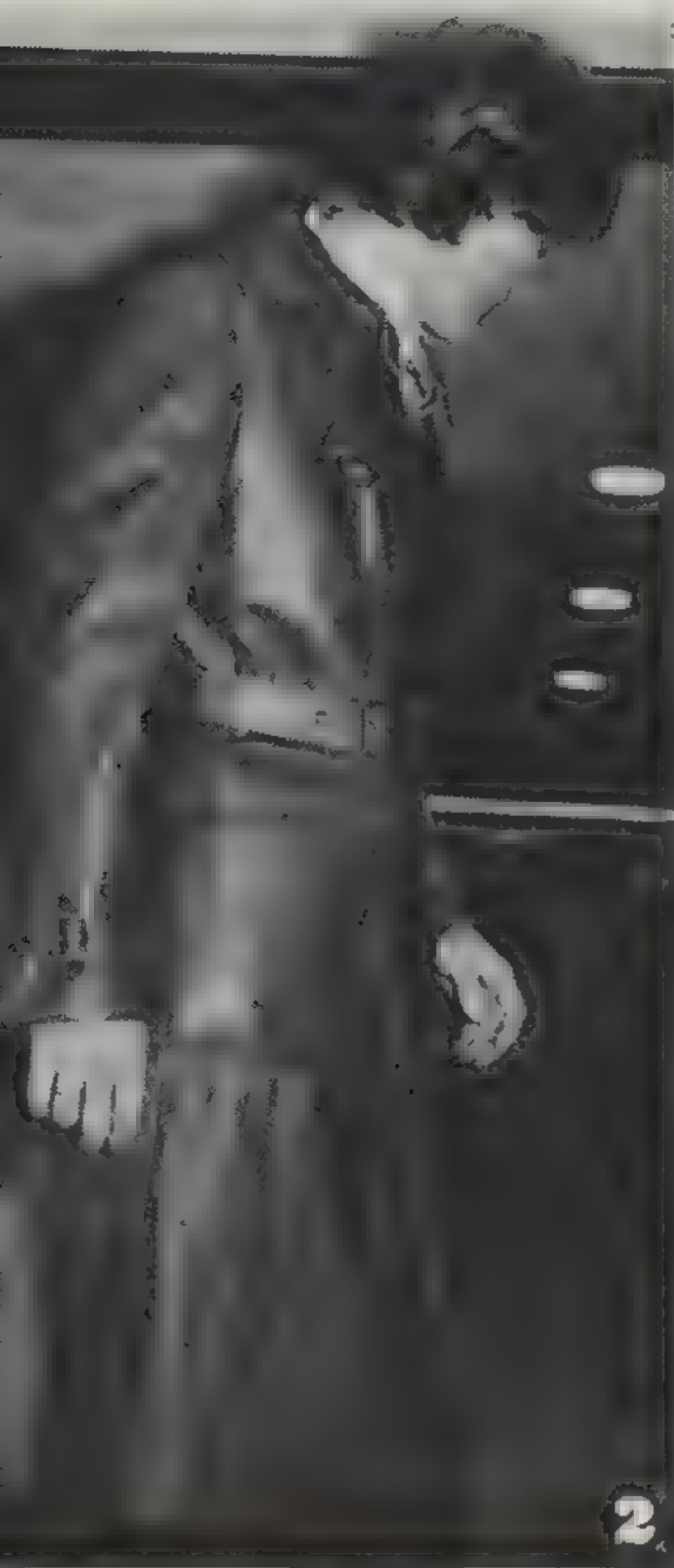
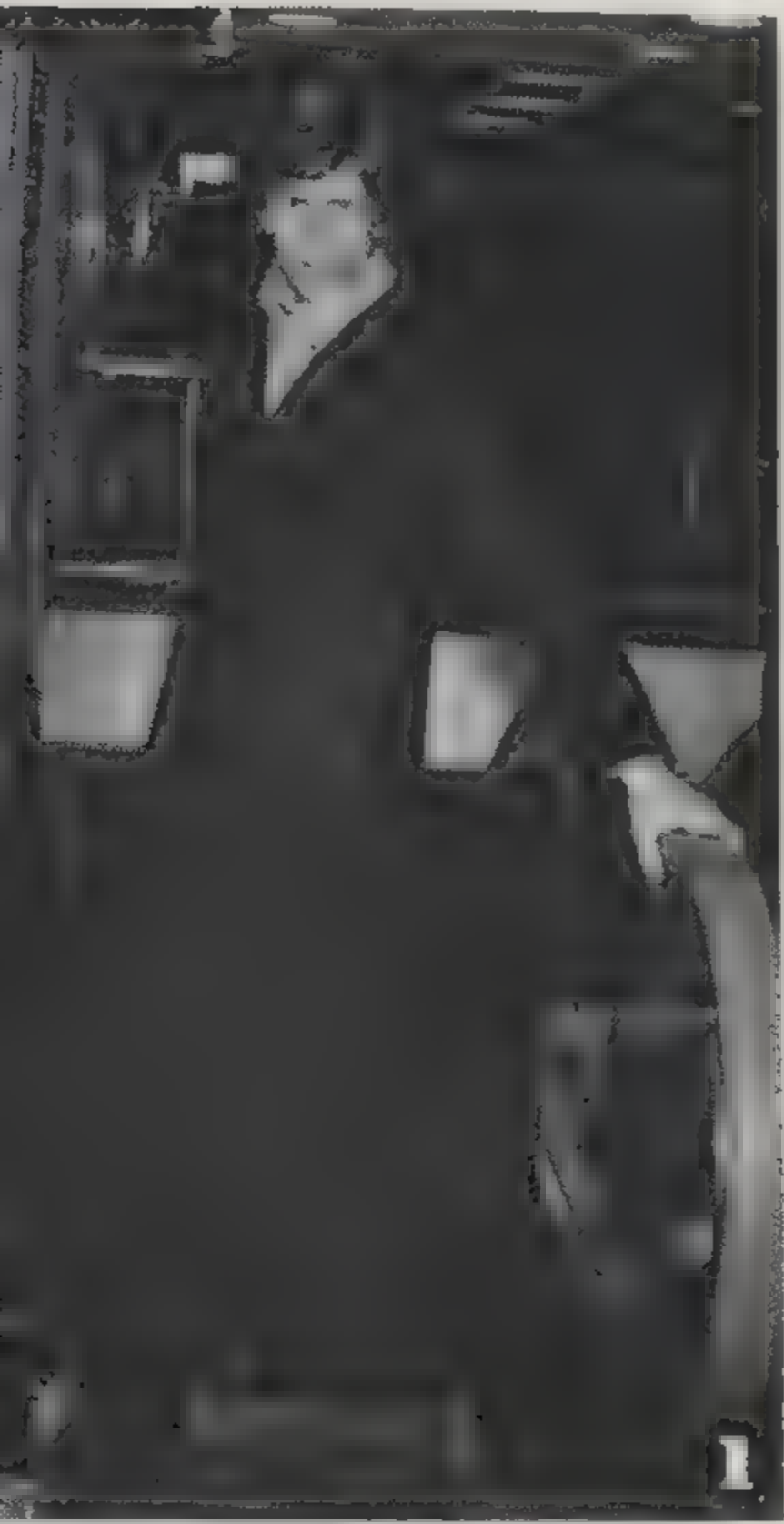
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MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES

The Covering Story:

Coats make big news this winter—new lengths, new shapes, materials, new ways to shop.



From one coast to the other, coats point new directions, show new dash. News-makers are always longer, usually double-breasted, often belted. In New York some of the best are down at Seventh Ave. and 17th St. in Barney's, the great jamboree of imports such as: **1.** Mid-calf-length navy wool by **Guy d'Arvin** of Holland, double-breasted with high centre vent, \$90. **2.** Supple brown leather belted topcoat, double-breasted, from Sweden, \$190. And, **3.** Barney's mink coat, lustrous dark natural mink shaped with sure, typical restraint by **Hubert de Givenchy** . . . and, in California, **Dean Martin** wear-tested his new grey Trevira topcoat, **4.** by wearing it 'as a pilot in *Airport*. He liked it so well that **Ross Hunter**, the designer of the coat and producer of the film, allowed him to keep it, stripping off airline insignia for post-filming wear.



Shaggy brown dog, slick black coat, 5, shiny as licorice and vinyl all the way. Man in the double-breasted, belted coat: **Mark Frechette**, star of MGM's *Zabriskie Point* (more about him, page 138). He found the \$100 coat, and the friendly Afghan, at DeNoyer, 219 E. 60th St.



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NOVEMBER 15, 1969

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW



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Have you ever in your life seen such precious gloves?—such clear, beautiful, thin, thin kid. White and jewelled, and with fingers so supple they could walk—run—through a Liszt cadenza; so slender you could—we did—slip one inside the other to show the hand-embroidered gauntlet flared up in a glory of metallic threads and beads and golden balls, and down in a flame of scarlet lining. Kislav made it—just one precious pair—and cached it at Best & Co. \$250. The butterfly so tenderly trapped: a jewelled Ciner pin; Saks Fifth Avenue. More splash, more dash—more marvellous accessories ideas in the pages ahead...

TOP OF THE NIGHT

Pure line. Pure shine: the Sumo topknot inspired by the ritual knot--the *chonmage*--which distinguishes the highest order in the hierarchy of Japan's celebrated Sumo wrestlers. The hair is pomaded until every wisp lies lacquer-smooth to the scalp, then scraped up into a stiff square knot at the crown, a single strand tapering off into mid-air like a polished blade of grass... giving Lauren Hutton the look of the small and perfect head.



LAUREN
HUTTON

Two variations on the *chonmage*, which traditionally is speared with attenuated shapes of ivory or tortoiseshell: across the page, it's spiked with golden sticks sleek and shining as the flanged gorget circling the throat. And above, a dinosaur spine of silver defines the beautiful profile of Lauren's head from knot to nape. Alexis Kirk hair sticks. Francis Whitney gorget. All: Bonwit Teller. Silver spine: Georg Jensen. Ara Gallant coiffures.



Black at night. Pure line that is pure Mainbocher—long and simply beautiful. Black velvet, *left*, with the tiniest waist, the narrowest sleeves, the most voluminous skirt—and everything about it covering and romantic. Lapis lazuli and diamond bracelets ringing colour at each wrist, by Donald Claflin of Tiffany. Black crêpe one-shouldered tunic, *right*, curving like folded petals over knife-pleated black chiffon; pure line with just a flutter of jewelled butterflies at the waist. These, by Sonia Younis of Tiffany. Dresses made to order by Mainbocher. All coiffures by Ara Gallant.

MAINBOCHER





There's such a marvellous clarity about Mainbocher's silk crêpe shirtdress, *left*, it's like early morning light—a plunge of pure white from wide-apart collar to diamanté buttons, a soft heavy fall of pale blue tinged with silvery shimmer from diamanté belt-buckle to the floor. Amber and brown sound an African beat, *right*, over a long flow of white wool challis simply crossed at the neck and worn with a choker of giant angelskin coral, from Tiffany. Both dresses made to order by Mainbocher.

MAINBOCHER

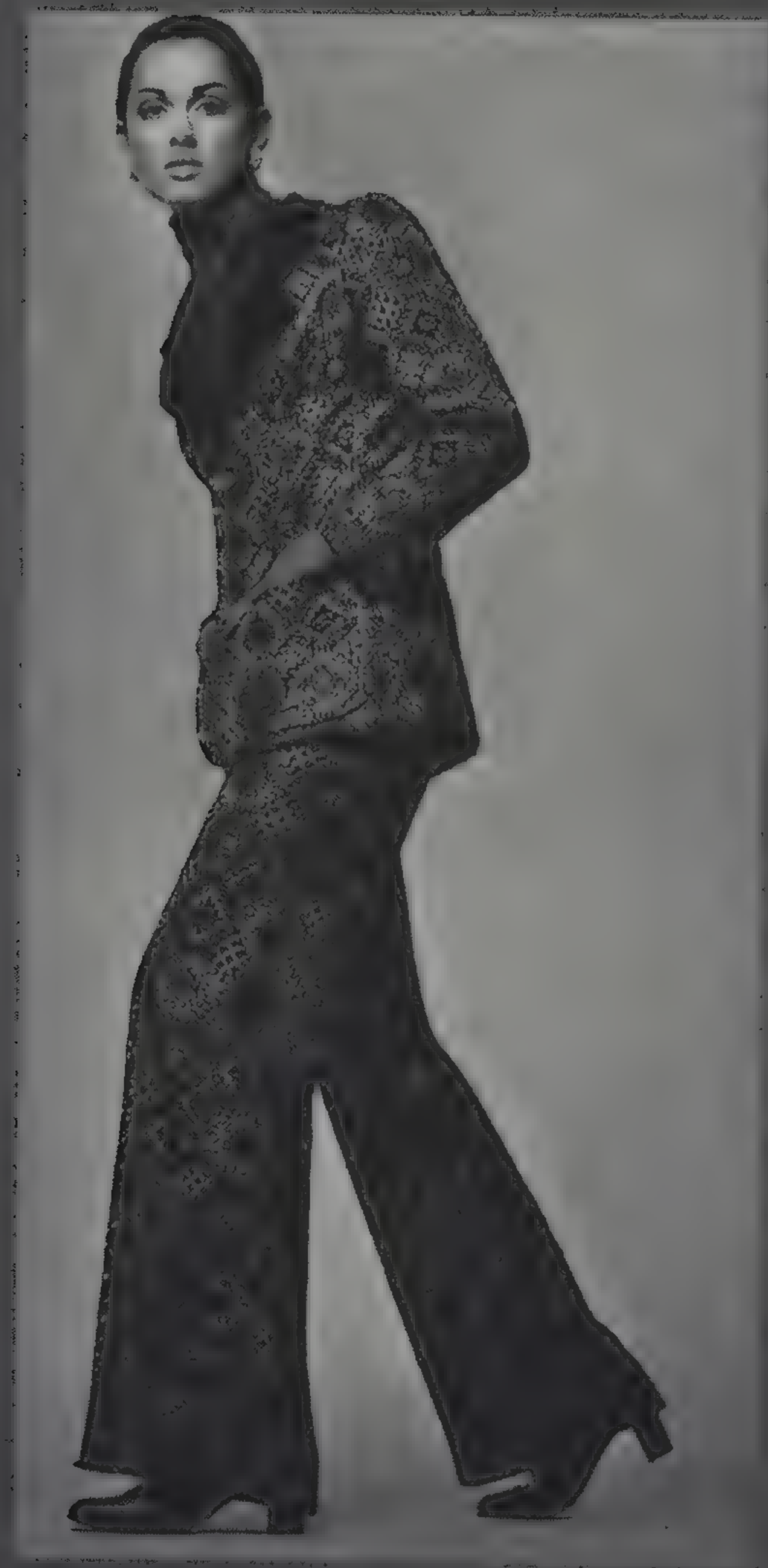




GALANOS

Ravishing. Different. Galanos. Five nights--and four pages--in a row.... One night it's pintucked white wool jersey, *left*, following you seductively to the waist, then simply letting go--a deep slash from neck to midriff, a deep cuff at the wrist of each sleeve. Racine jersey. Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field; Amelia Gray. Next time it's a nine-tenths coat, *right*, to toss over streamer-sashed pants--a showering of silvery white-lace flowers misted over a jewel-blazed top. In MacCarthy lace. At Bergdorf Goodman; Marshall Field; Neiman-Marcus; L. Magnin. All five coiffures by Alexander of Kenneth.



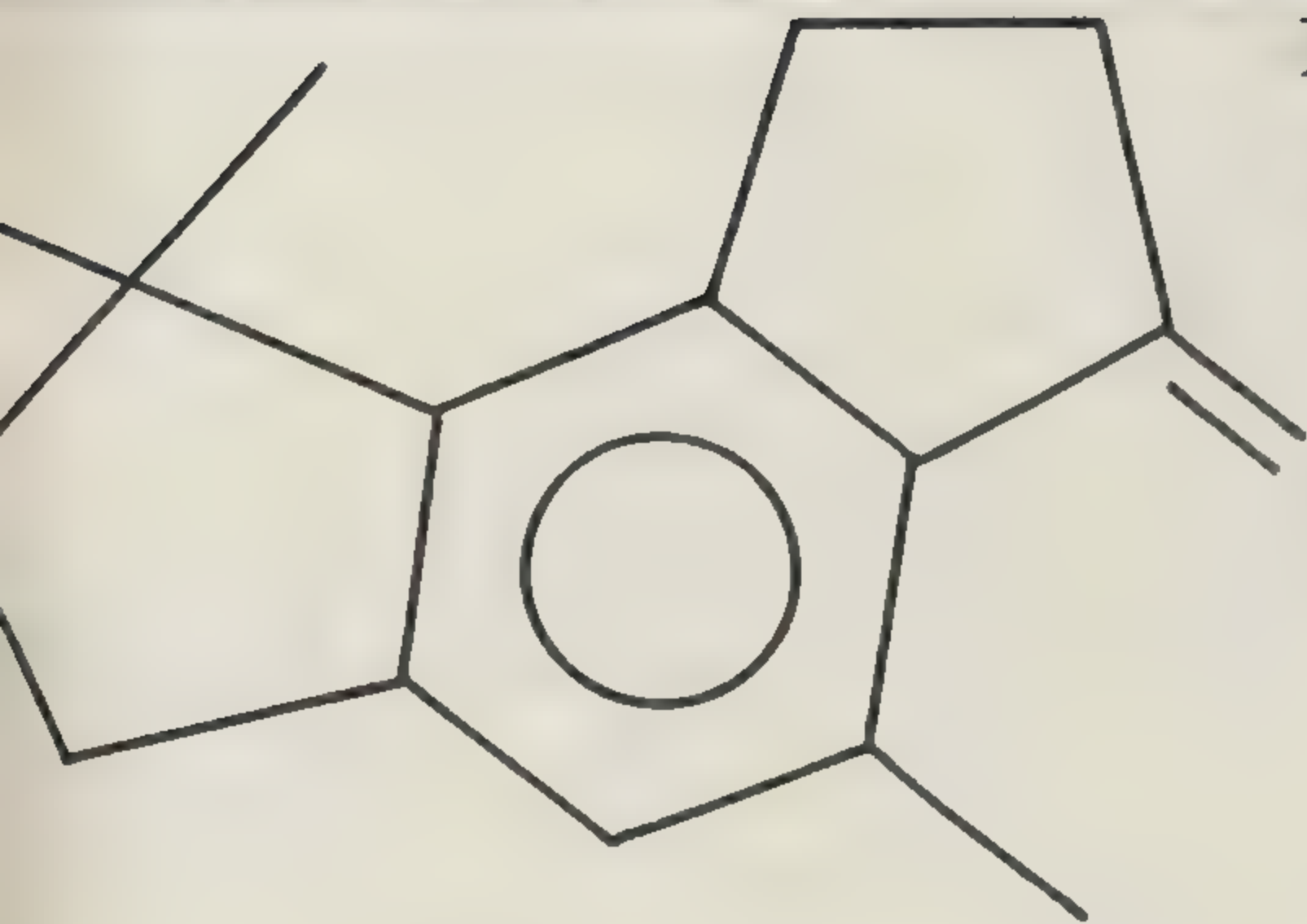


It's the night of silvery scalloped lace, *left*, flung long as a Persian tunic and open from bosom to hem—a pleat at the side of each leg adds a flash of width to the gunmetal lamé pants. In lamé threaded with Lurex. Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Now it's ruby, emerald, and gold geometry, *above*, making diamond patterns on a silk dinner jacket and pants—all the more vivid for claret-red ascot and lapels. Turnout and pink chiffon shirt, at Bonwit Teller; Amelia Gray. A shining paradox, *right*, smothered with gold Victorian roses and new as the coming decade—an adorable little lace chemise tumbling over its sash of braided chain. Bonwit Teller; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Maison Blanche; I. Magnin.



CALANOS

PERFUME: *the best of the* BARE FASHION PUT-ONS



**Musk we? Yes we Musk.
Or perfume wouldn't
stay on smelling
so sexy.**

O Left: The molecular structure
of this perfume fixative.

To a highly olfactory-oriented gentleman of our acquaintance, a man who can sniff out any fragrance from the fruited bouquets of Château Margaux to the dizzying herb scents of ratatouille, perfume is the invisible, changeable frame of a woman's self-portrait. . . . To a woman it can be an intoxicant, a pleasurable stimulant in which she indulges in extravagant, aromatic excess. . . . To an endlessly clever, uninhibited young style-sauvage, it is the essential accessory for today's body-baring, sense-assaulting fashions, employed in maxi-measures to heighten or soften, sharpen or shade the anatomical landscape like the diffused light of Impressionist paintings. . . . To a beleaguered man at this time of year, as balsam and fir aromatics flow surreptitiously throughout the house, a designer's name on a perfume-present can bestow great confidence. He may not be able to tell a Dior from a Givenchy, but he knows that a product bearing the name of either one will move his wife into fixing kippers for him in the morning, and will enjoin his secretary into never forgetting his second cup of broth. With good reason. A designer's taste is not cultivated by whim alone. A designer's perfume reflects a vast assembly of wit that can make a woman Something Else as well as More Herself. Here, alphabetically, a brief guide to the essence of designer perfumes, with quotes from some people who know well the personalities behind the fragrance. *Balenciaga*. "A Spanish hidalgo, proud, beautiful." He named his perfume *Le Dix* after his Paris address: Number 10 Avenue George V. It's shy as a violet, bold as a rose. . . . *Balmain*. "Pierre Balmain's an undiluted expression of luxury." So are his perfumes, flowered *Jolie Madame*, brisk *Vent Vert*, the ever-young *Miss Balmain*. . . . *Capucci*. "He's bright and wide-eyed." So is *Parce Que*, a cool number. And *Graffiti*, a scent that takes chypre with jasmine, seems to bloom brighter by night. . . . *Cardin*. "He talks about a picnic on the moon." Read about his (Continued on page 90)

**C IS THE FIRST LETTER OF CREATIVE
OF CARDIN . . . CHEMISTRY . . . AND CABAL**

Pierre Cardin is one of fashion's great agents provocateurs. His Singulier perfume is not for the timid. It's an audacious blend of frankly sensuous essences as bedazzling as the paillette-fringed décolletage of his lacquer-red Abraham crêpe tunic-pyjamas, opposite. Its partisans love plots and intrigues and might well wear the ancient, mystic Cabalist symbol of the ever-watchful eye, schemed above in gold-and-silver dangling medallion earrings by Allegra Caracciolo for Orsetta.

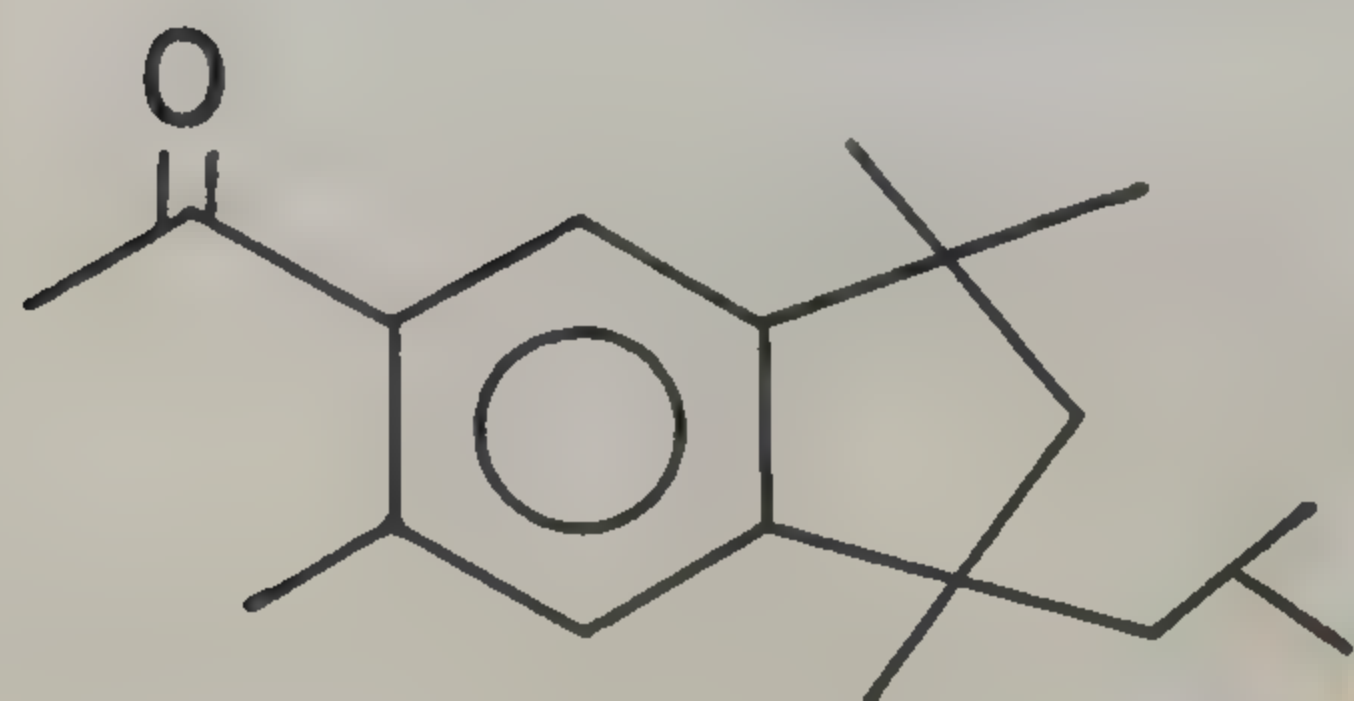


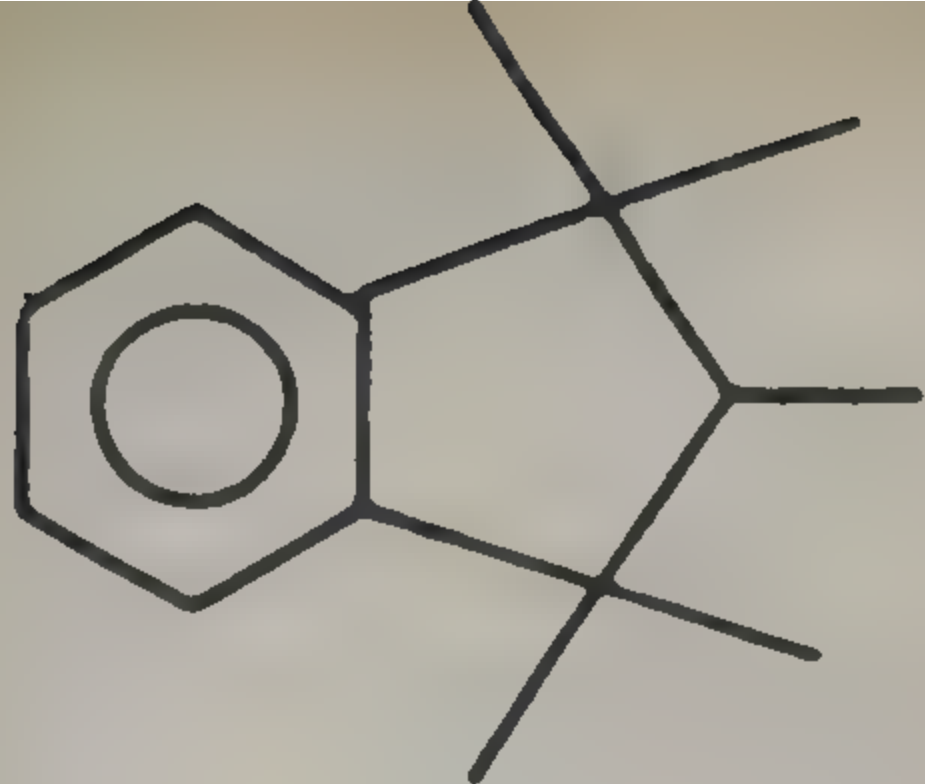


**Y is the first letter of Yes.
And of Young.
And of Yves.
And of You?**

Among all of these, there is possibly a definite connection. It's the Young who are first to say Yes to something that catches the eye—such as the night-blooming dresses shown here. . . . And engages the nose—such as the tingled-with-cypress scent of Parfum Y by Yves Saint Laurent, whose appeal to the young—and the young in esprit—is unmistakable. . . . Here is where You come in.

*Left: A garden of panne velvet. Abraham fabric.
Right: Silk patchwork—long tight sleeves, long full skirt. Brossin de Méré patchwork.
Pearls, chains, rings of coral and precious stones: Van Cleef & Arpels. Saint Laurent dresses, to order; I. Magnin. Coiffures by Carita.*





PERFUME: *the best of the* BARE FASHION PUT-ONS

(Continued from page 86) *Singulier*. . . . *Chanel*. Coco Chanel probably started it all with her legend-in-its-lifetime No. 5. 1921 was the year of its opening, and today more women sleep in *Chanel No. 5* than they do in nightgowns. . . . *Dior*. "Dior never made a mistake. He was full of wisdom." Full of pizzazz are the Dior fragrances, *Miss Dior* through the latest, and most-concentrated—*Dioressence*. . . . *Givenchy*. "A knight errant." His sunny *Le De* makes nights shine for women. . . . *Grès*. "Madame Grès is like an Abbess riding in a Mercedes. She weaves a spell." Her perfume, *Cabocharde* strolls through the woods, comes out in floral garlands. . . . *Lanvin*. Mme. Jeanne Lanvin's thirst for knowledge led her to the study of perfumes, and, in 1924, to *My Sin*. After that came *Arpège*, a bouquet of promises fulfilled. . . . *Laroche*. "He's a young dreamer." *Fidji* is one such young dream, come true. . . . *Hanae Mori*. "She catches the magic of the moment." She caught it in the exquisite new perfume that bears her name: *Hanae Mori* by Shiseido. . . . *Norell*. His everlasting style comes through in the freshness and clarity of the perfume called, quite simply, *Norell*. . . . *Patou*. "Great colourful figure, full of life." Jean Patou's filled many lives with indescribable *Joy*. . . . *Pertegaz*. "The essence of Spain . . . he oozes charm," a slant well taken by his complex *Diagonal*. . . . *Pucci*. Instigator of so many things tingly, this Florentine marchese is responsible for the rousing *Vivara*. . . . *Paco Rabanne*. . . . "He has a d'Artagnan quality." Read about his *Calandre* below. . . . *Nina Ricci*. Robert Ricci, scholarly son of Nina, is now the reigning brain behind such genius as the brilliant *L'Air du Temps*. . . . *Rochas*. "Madame Rochas is very attractive, very sexy," said our man-about-Paris. What he said about the woman applies to her perfume, *Madame Rochas*. . . . *Simonetta*. "International dynamo." Yes, yes, we say, to her *Sissimo!*, international dynamite. . . . *Adele Simpson*. The layers of impression this tiny woman has collected from the world shine through a big scent, *Collage*. . . . *Ungaro*. "He thinks it through." For the fragrance he's thinking through right now, see below. . . . *Valentino*. "Sense of theatre." . . . We await the curtain's rising on his new perfume. . . .

**DESIGNING THE
CATCH-ME-IF-YOU-CAN
ELUSIVENESS OF
FRAGRANCES ISN'T SIMPLE.
CATCH THE 1510
WOODCUT, RIGHT**

**Distilling the
precious waters
Mediaeval-style
lost lots of scent**

**FIRST FIXATIVES—
LIKE NATURAL MUSK
—MEANT STALKING
ANIMALS SUCH AS
THE RARE
HIMALAYAN DEER**

**Today's perfect
perfume
prescription:
apply twice
daily. . . .
Supply: an
ounce per month**

**A PERFUME PARA-
GON WE KNOW
FIXES FURTHER,
OILS HER SKIN
BEFORE EACH
FRAGRANT
APPLICATION**

R AND U ARE FOR RIGHT-UP-TO-THE-MINUTE

Are you ready for the Ultra-modern Art of Ungaro and Rabanne? . . . Ungaro paints. His artful eye zeroes in on the abstract heart of fashion. His soon to come, sure to be futurist fragrance is bound to start heart-throbs. Want to bet it turns out as whimsical, splashy, and gay, as high-intensity and SUPER-natural as the appliqué blossoms on his leathery long-coated pants suit, opposite? Schlaepfer appliquéd fabric. To order at Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Eyes by Sonja Knapp. Wig: Marco Bergman for Walter Fountaine, arranged by Carita. . . . Meanwhile there is Calandre, Paco Rabanne's deus ex machina essence for new-model bodies like Penelope Tree's, shown, right, in his transparent dress of metal-ringed plastic paillettes. Photographed on terrace of Musée d'Art Moderne de Paris in front of sculpture by Venezuelan artist, Soto. For more on Calandre, see page 162.



BETTMAN ARCHIVE





**Big-time ways to
take the body wrap:
Thong, thong, thong
and perfume songs.**

The thong's the thing on Veruschka here—dashing, flashing bodyworks, leather and silver metal, forged by her jewellery-designing sister, Catharina von Lehndorff.... Left, brown thong's a brassière, worn over sweater or under wide-open blouse.... Perfume in keeping: Vol de Nuit, Guerlain's night flight of fantasy.... Right, the thong whips round a waist, centred with a stone-studded silver disc. Silver hip-belt is held by silver chains. Black silk shirt and scarf by Cerruti.... Perfume with this thong of thongs: song of songs, Chant d'Arômes.... Far right, long black-and-brown thongs, ringed with silver, slung low under a wide brown leather belt, enormous silver buckle. Black leotard by Danskin; black-and-white Cerruti scarf. ...The perfume is Guerlain's ageless Shalimar, born forty-three years ago in Paris and as young as the day after tomorrow.... Thongs, to order at Henri Bendel.





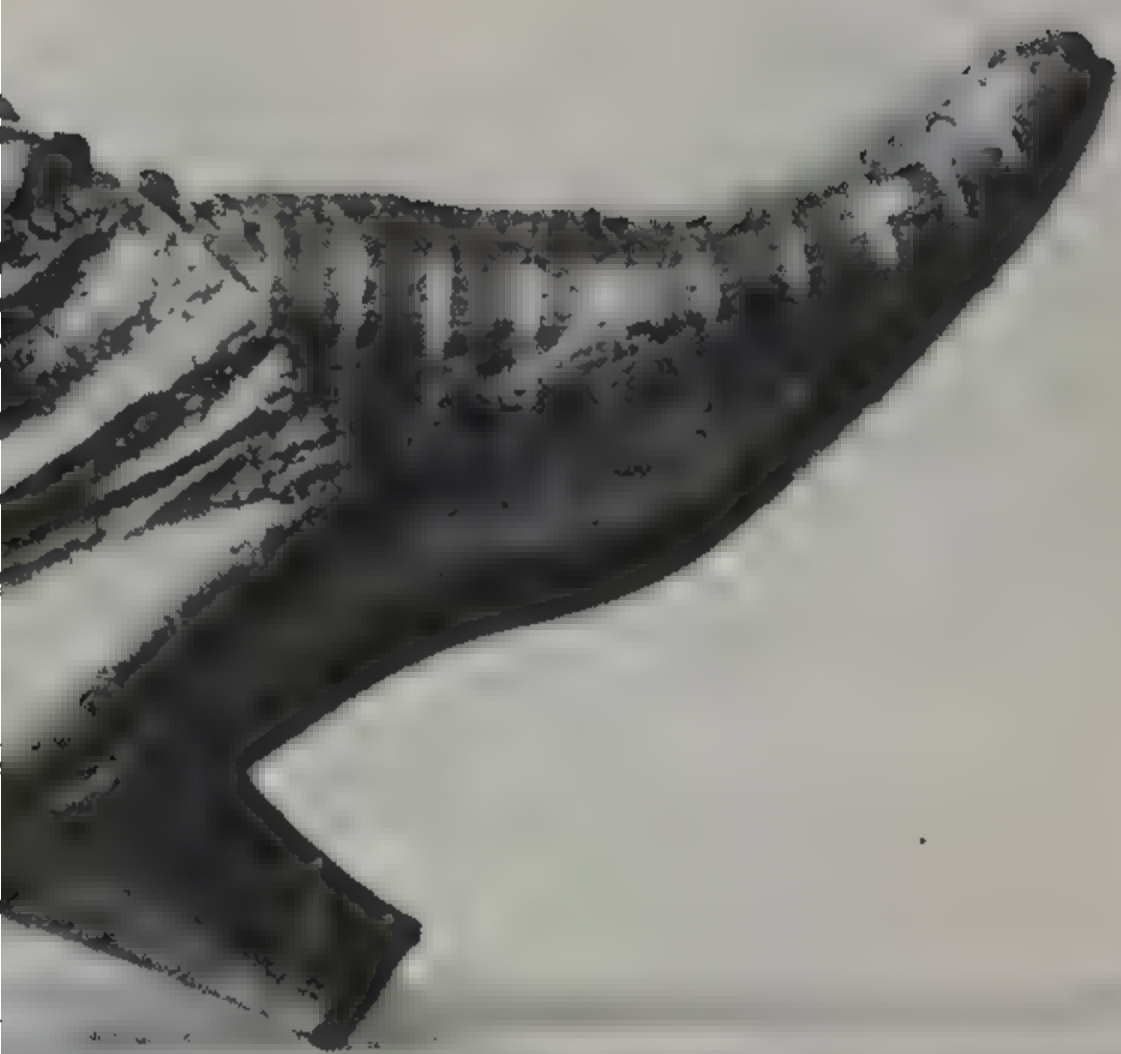
every way to look terrific

With pearls, *above*: think of how pearls glow in praise of skin, and pour them on—strand after strand after strand—warm creamy white; and the white called rosé, really the palest pink imaginable; and silver white, cool and luminous as moonlight. Long, long ropes of pearls—round or baroque—45 inches—60 inches—90 inches. . . . All these are from Japan, cultured pearls in evenly matched strands ranging from 6 mm to 8 mm—to 11 mm, which is as big as a Japanese oyster can make it and mm-mmm as can be. All the strands shown, at Bailey Banks & Biddle. With fur, *right*: belt your short, short fur tight, tight, tight just as we've done with this silky, shiny, dark-brown mink—pull it right in with a brown leather belt and a real bash of a buckle, big and round and glinty with coins. Coat made to order by Maximilian, of "Kojah," Emba natural high-furred mink. Fringed suède gloves: Sant' Angelo for Crescendoe-Superb. Gilt beads: Monet, Pakula. Jules Van Rouge belt. Stockings by Mary Grey. These ten pages: coiffures by Phillip Mason of Vidal Sassoon.



every
long-line
way to look
terrific



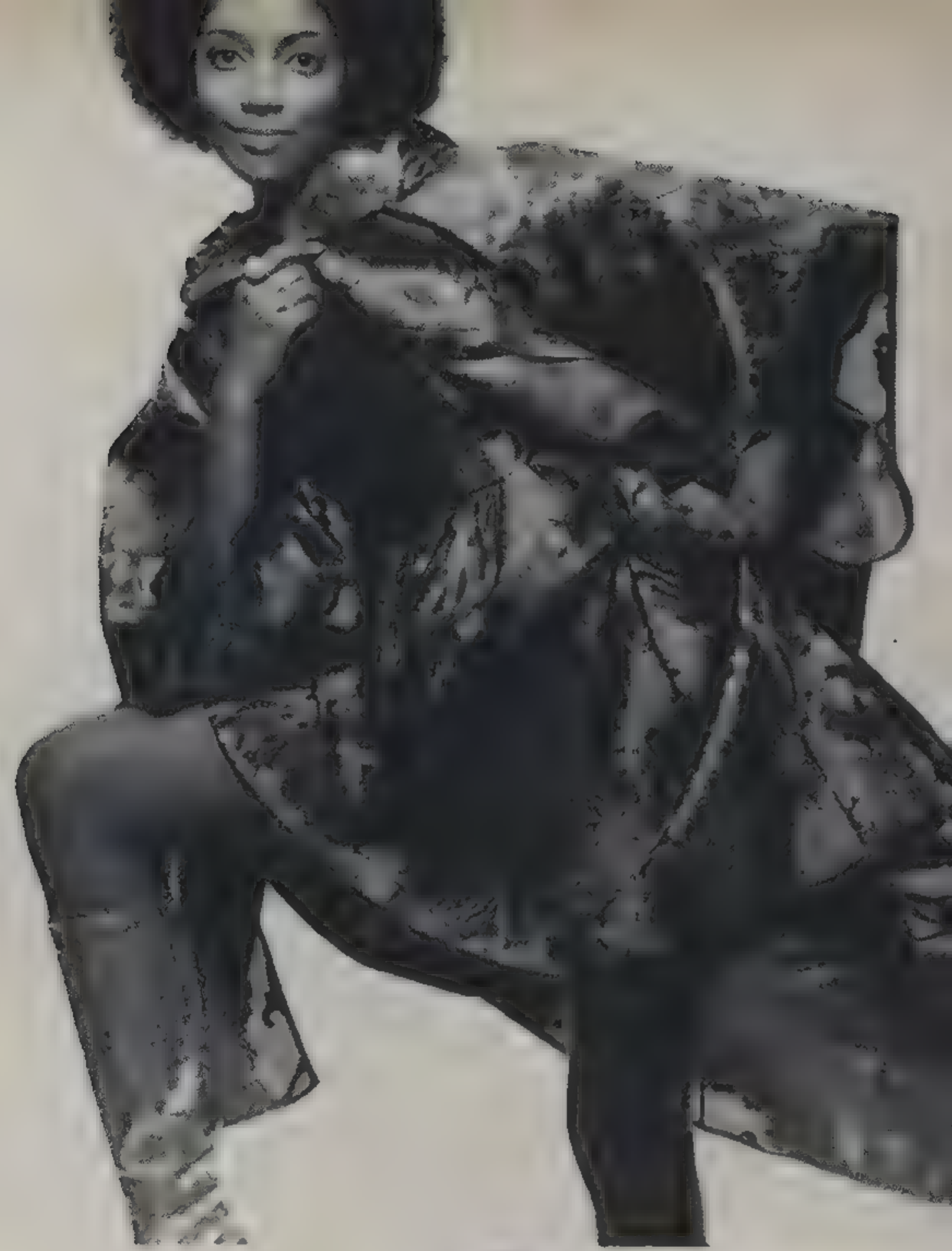


1. Here's a peachy way with tunic and pants of jewel-embroidered peach satin—tuck the pants into long golden boots and throw on a long peach satin coat with face-powder puffs of peach fur. Harold Levine; Staron silk-and-worsted satin. Martha; Swanson's; Bullock's-Wilshire. Whiting & Davis gilt-mesh belt. White kid gloves by Kislav. Herbert Levine boots.

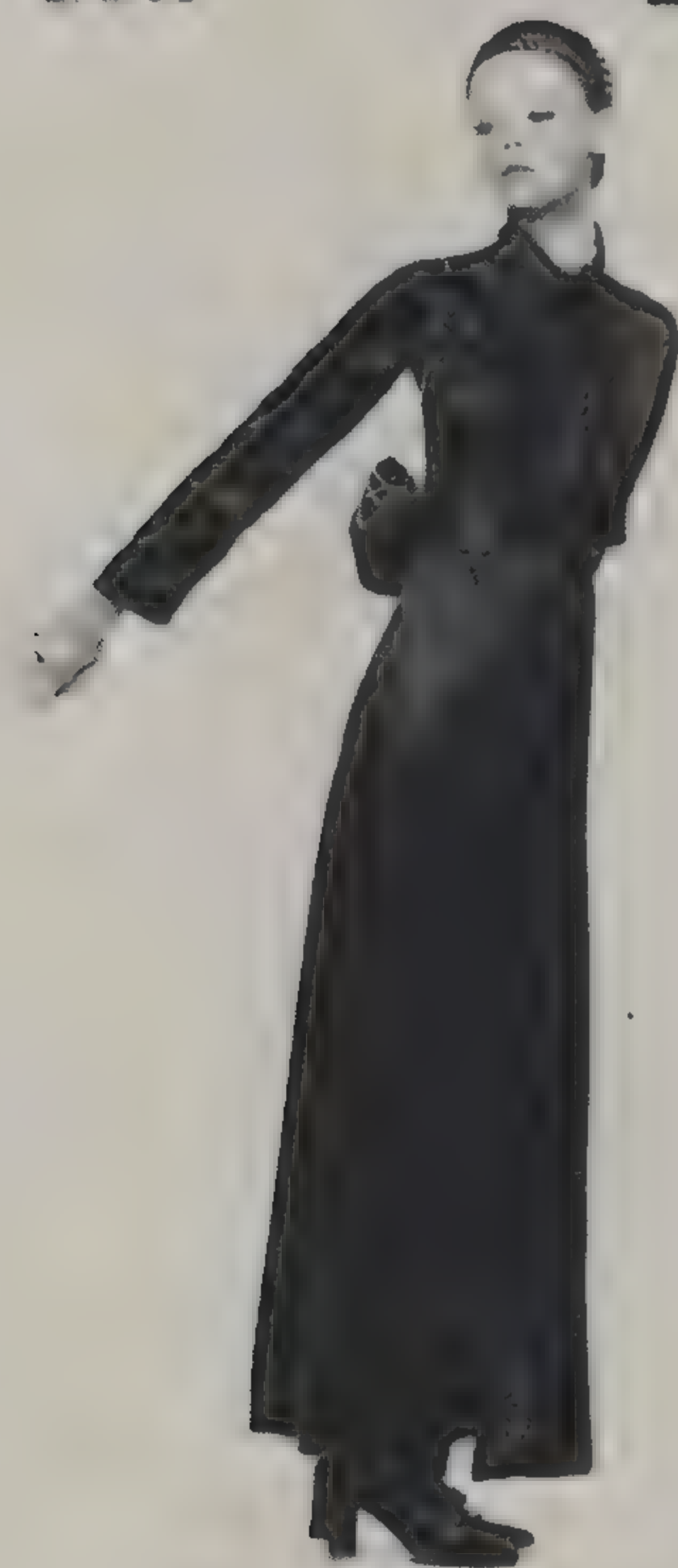
2. And what could be more terrific—more Tolstoy-heroine romantic—than this long, covering black dress with its soft satin top, its swinging velvet skirt belted in velvet and deep in a hem of black fox...plus huge cocardes on well-booted feet. Dress by Teal Traina. At Altman's. Wig: Vidal Sassoon.

3. A harness of bogus pearls to pull over long, languorous lines of pistache-green crêpe—chemise-tunic, easy pants, a scarf falling from one arm. Bill DeNatale and Beverly Moyer for Gino Charles; Avisco rayon and acetate. (Bloomsburg fabric). About \$125. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Harness by Pussygato. Rings: K.J.L.; Marvella. David Evins sandals.

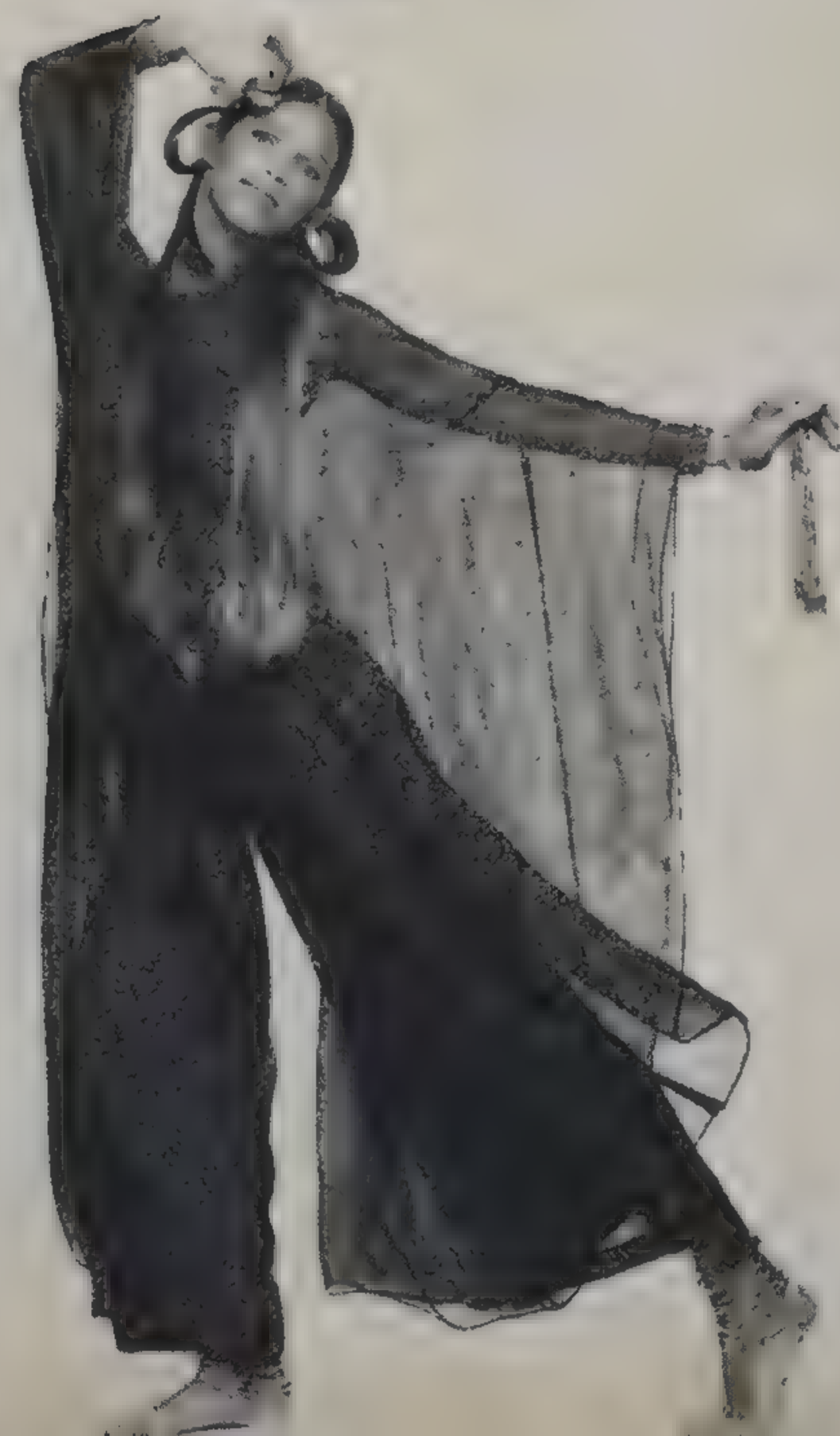




2



3



4

all the terrific new lengths for evening

1. Orange smash: silk crêpe circled by chunky ropes of orange-and-gilt—Donald Brooks's longer dinner dress, slit to the waist. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Neusteters; Sakowitz. Rings by Sant' Angelo, Castlecliff. Monet chains.
2. A delicious short evening dress with its own hooded poncho, in red-and-gold lamé woven with Lurex. Richard Tam. Ducharne fabric. At Sara Fredericks.
3. Soft black satin to the ankle—a slit to the thigh. Gustave Tassell, of Onondaga silk. At Evelyn Byrnes. Choker by Ken Lane for Laguna. Vendôme rings. Bagatelle bag. Palizzio shoes.
4. Airy black chiffon pyjamas with arabesques of bead embroidery and sleeves floating to the floor. Cardinali, at Bonwit Teller. Tasselled chains by Castlecliff. The other chains by Monet.
5. A diamanté galaxy embroidered on navy crêpe tunic and pants. Elinor Simmons for Malcolm Starr. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's, Cleveland; Gus Mayer; Neiman-Marcus. Shoulder belt: Christian Dior for Abbe Creations. K.J.L. rings. El Greco sandals.
6. Gold braid on a scarlet crêpe tunic; matching pants tucked in boots. Helga, of rayon and acetate (Onondaga fabric). About \$230. At Bonwit Teller. Monet chains. Evening boots by Sabra.
7. Ruffs and cuffs of ostrich on a long claret velvet tunic. Matching straight pants. By Jean Louis. At Bonwit Teller.
8. The low-down—the tiniest whiffle of skirt on a long, long top—printed chiffon in sizzles of yellow, fuchsia, red, orange, green; beaded fringe on the cuffs, a mile of scarf. Murray Nieman for Hannah Troy. At Bonwit Teller.





Adele Simpson's way is divine—she simply slashes a dress up and down and throws on wrap after wrap so that it couldn't be sexier—or more discreet. . . . *Above*, her mid-calf dress of black rayon jersey wrapped in a huge white jersey fringed shawl. About \$200. Bonwit Teller; Burdine's. Roman Stripe tights. . . . And this black rayon jersey, *right*, plunged to the waist, slit to mid-calf, with an enormous black fringed shawl, a long black tie wrapped at the throat. About \$225. Bonwit Teller; L. L. Berger; Julius Garfinckel; Harzfeld's. Christa satin tie. Napier ring. Round-the-Clock tights. Andrew Geller shoes.

Opposite page: Look what beautiful things Scaasi has done with sari cloth—made a little gypsy, left, in gauzy white with red print. And matching red print for a gypsy scarf, wrapped tight to the head, the ends streaming. Right: his wide deep décolletage in orangey-red sari cloth with short, tight sleeves, flashes of gold . . . plus fringy tassels to wrap up the arm. Both dresses made to order by Arnold Scaasi. Tinsel Trading tassels. Lady Exeter tights. Herbert Levine sandals. Contessa di Meano braids.



terrific ways
to wrap
yourself





velvet— terrific way to go

Casting light, catching light, glowing wherever it goes—and it's going everywhere now: the marvellous sheen and softness of panne velvet. Gypsy blues, *left*: a dress of the brightest blue panne velvet shimmering to the ankle. The top, gathered on elastic at the neckline like a peasant blouse and drawn in to a tight wrist beneath full sleeves. The separate skirt, three rippling lengths of velvet banded together. Top, Vogue Pattern 7650. Skirt, Vogue Pattern 7651. Of Martin rayon panne velvet. At Bloomingdale's. Gautier neck pendant. Belt: Christian Dior for Abbe Creations. Tassels by Tinsel Trading. Castlecliff rings. Sandals by La Piuma. Hair strips by Contessa di Meano. Silvery grey is the way it goes for a rakish, pocketed panne velvet cardigan, *right*, buttoned up and held loosely with a silvery belt over matching pants. Jacket, Vogue Pattern 7606. Pants, Vogue Pattern 7604. Of Lawrence and Klauber acetate-and-cotton knitted panne velvet. At Altman's; Hudson's; Marshall Field; Bullock's, Downtown. Stock-tied white satin shirt by Anne Klein. Man's velours hat by Jackie Rogers. Grey shoes by Evelyn Schless at Lord & Taylor. Whiting & Davis belt at Lord & Taylor Fantasia. Ring by Castlecliff. Pearly stock-pin by Marvella. Kislov gloves. Coiffures, these ten pages, by Phillip Mason of Vidal Sassoon. For pattern details, see page 50.

VOGUE PATTERNS



VOGUE PATTERN 7606
VOGUE PATTERN 7604

POPPIING

CATEGORY

TRADE NAME OR NICKNAME

STIMULANTS AMPHETAMINES	BENZEDRINE: <i>Bennies, Happy Pills, Ups</i> DEXEDRINE: <i>Pep Pills</i> DEXAMYL METHEDRINE: <i>Meth, Speed</i>
SLEEPING PILLS BARBITURATES. (There are about 2 dozen barbiturate acid derivatives on the market.) NON-BARBITURATES. (There are about 2 dozen of these sedatives.)	SECONAL (red capsule): <i>Red Birds. Short-acting, quick action.</i> NEMBUTAL (yellow capsule): <i>stronger than reds. Called Yellow Jackets, Downs. Comparatively short acting.</i> LUMINAL or PHENOBARBITAL: <i>long-acting, slow starter. Known as Purple Hearts.</i> DORIDEN (usually large white tablet): <i>short-acting.</i> NOLUDAR (purple and white capsule). CHLORAL HYDRATE: <i>when used with alcohol, it becomes a Mickey Finn, the name of a Chicago saloon-keeper in the 1900's.</i>
PAIN KILLERS	MORPHINE: <i>an opium derivative.</i> DILAUDID: <i>an opium derivative.</i> DEMEROL: <i>synthetic opiate.</i> DARVON: <i>a unique synthetic pain killer.</i> CODEINE: <i>resembles morphine.</i> PERCODAN (yellow or pink, depending on dosage). METHADONE
ANTI-DEPRESSANTS	MARPLAN, NIAMID, NARDIL, PARNATE, EUTONYL: <i>all are MAO, monoamine oxidase, in different chemical formulas.</i>
TRANQUILLIZERS	THORAZINE: <i>major tranquillizer, chlorpromazine.</i> TOFRANIL: <i>minor tranquillizer.</i> LIBRIUM: <i>minor tranquillizer.</i> EQUANIL or MILTOWN: <i>minor tranquillizers, both meprobamates; there are some thirty other trade names for meprobamate.</i> VALIUM: <i>minor tranquillizer.</i>

BY ALLENE TALMEY

All the pills—sleeping pills, stimulants, tranquilizers, anti-depressants—on this chart are prescription drugs, ordered by physicians for patients with specific needs. The chart does not include the illegal drugs: heroin, LSD, marijuana and its stronger kin, hashish. Many legal drugs, however, find their way into the black market, some of them coming in from foreign countries where barbiturates (sleeping pills) or amphetamines (stimulants) are sold without prescription. The dangers of these two drugs are known but ignored.

Under amphetamines in heavy dosage, especially Methedrine or Speed, users may go on extraordinary trips that can end in suicidal panic, bizarre behaviour, paranoid psychosis, or hallucinations with loss of control. In reasonable dosage, amphetamines are quite properly given for energy or as appetite controllers, but frequently patients, without the consent of their doctors, step up the dose until they become amphetamine poppers, unable to resist the addiction, which in the early stages is more a psychological dependen-

cy than a physical one. To come down from trips, users may try the route of sleeping pills, the barbiturates that leave the users depressed, lethargic, and drowsy. Students, both high school and college, often use abnormally large doses of amphetamines, get their high, and then turn off with barbiturates; some even use Darvon, a light pain killer, for their kicks.

In a society where billions of pills are necessarily prescribed legitimately, there is always some danger that patients, long after the need for pills is gone, will continue on them without the knowledge of their doctors. That is often true of patients who have been given tranquilizers. The comforting loss of anxiety, of tension may keep patients on pills that contain chlorpromazine or meprobamate. Tranquilizers are not harmless pills; they too have their dangers. Although such a major tranquilizer as Thorazine may affect bone marrow and the liver, some patients who have been put on it for a comparatively short time by their doctors may continue the dosage indefinitely without knowledge of the possible damage.


Drug taking, pill popping, is so widespread these days that an infinite number of television and radio programs, television dramas, rock songs, novels, and articles are devoted to dropping in the nicknames of drugs, to explaining partially their effects. Here are some of the leading pills in four popular prescription-drug categories with their trademark names, purposes, and what their known side effects are. (Nine physicians, all well-known, were consulted for this chart.)

PURPOSE

SIDE EFFECTS

<p>Amphetamines mobilize energies by stimulating the central nervous system. Appetite depressants, they are sometimes used for weight control. (Diet pills)</p> <p>Dexamyl, part stimulant and part sedative in unequal proportions, is useful for mild depressions.</p> <p>Methedrine, a more powerful and faster-acting stimulant than Bazedrine or Dexedrine, was sometimes given to the German troops during World War II for added energy. Later, the Allies gave Meth to their troops.</p>	<p><i>The danger of amphetamines is addiction. They also may be responsible for unexplained sudden deaths. All amphetamines mask fatigue. They may cause depression on withdrawal. Amphetamines, on the whole, should not be used by patients with high blood pressure or cardiac difficulty. Amphetamines may cause wakefulness, leading perhaps to sleeping pills, a circular process. If dosage is increased beyond doctors' orders, the drug may have a bizarre effect on the mind.</i></p> <p><i>Methedrine addicts shoot it intravenously in the arm for a quicker high. Meth may produce hallucinations with almost LSD effects and dangers.</i></p>
<p>To induce sleep by depressing the central nervous system. Give a hypnotic and sedative effect.</p> <p>To help minor insomnia.</p>	<p><i>All sleeping pills are habit forming. Withdrawal symptoms unpleasant. Second should be used with caution if there is any liver damage; too rapid injection may cause respiratory reaction and drop in blood pressure. Barbiturates impair driving ability, altering space conception. As soon as tolerance develops patient needs more pills to get the original effect. As Nembutal is eliminated through the liver, anyone with an impaired liver should not use it. Nembutal must not be withdrawn abruptly if taken over a long period in excessive doses as convulsions might be induced. If excessive barbiturates are taken before or after drinking excessive alcohol, they may cause coma and perhaps death.</i></p> <p><i>Doriden poisoning is extremely difficult to treat. Quickly addictive.</i></p>
<p>Morphine is a useful drug for strong pain, given by injection. Acts on central nervous system.</p> <p>Dilaudid is fairly potent for pain.</p> <p>Demerol is for pain. Often used in childbirth.</p> <p>Darvon is for minor pain, especially for recurrent or chronic pain.</p> <p>Codeine is for minor pain.</p> <p>Percodan is a strong pain killer.</p> <p>Methadone is a strong pain killer.</p>	<p><i>Morphine is a Class A narcotic. Highly addictive. It can cause drowsiness, euphoria, vomiting, yawning, itchiness.</i></p> <p><i>Note: Heroin is a semi-synthetic derivative of morphine.</i></p> <p><i>Note: Addicts sometimes combine morphine with amphetamine.</i></p> <p><i>Dilaudid is addictive. Class A narcotic. Builds up rapidly. There is no distinction between morphine and Dilaudid in the dangers.</i></p> <p><i>Demerol is addictive. Class A narcotic. Demerol addiction is harder to treat than morphine.</i></p> <p><i>Darvon is non-addictive for most people, but there are some who can become addicts. Has fewer side effects than codeine.</i></p> <p><i>Codeine is addictive.</i></p> <p><i>Percodan is addictive. Class A narcotic.</i></p> <p><i>Methadone is addictive. Class A narcotic.</i></p>
<p>To help depression if other drugs are not effective.</p>	<p><i>MAO inhibitors, dangerous, powerful, should be used only if patient is under constant medical supervision. May be toxic on liver, brain, and cardiovascular system. MAO inhibitors are highly toxic and must never be taken in combination with a number of foods, including cheese, nor with most major pain killers.</i></p>
<p>Chlorpromazine under any trade name is a powerful sedative, used not for sleep, but rather to relieve major anxiety. Often used before surgery. Helps alcoholic anxiety. Helps prevent acts of violence. Thorazine helps reverse the effect of LSD panic reaction.</p> <p>Valium relaxes muscles, relieves small anxieties and tensions. Usually does not cause drowsiness or drop in alertness, although there are many exceptions.</p>	<p><i>Thorazine must not be used with the hallucinogen STP as this tranquilizer increases the effect of STP and may be fatal. Can be dangerous for the liver and bone marrow. Non-addictive.</i></p> <p><i>No tranquilizer should be abruptly stopped.</i></p> <p><i>There is some belief that Librium, Equanil, and Miltown may be addictive.</i></p> <p><i>If Valium use is prolonged, may result in physical dependence. Withdrawal symptoms may then be severe.</i></p>





EIGHT OF THE POLITICAL HAMMERS OF WASHINGTON

The mighty hammers, here and on the next six pages, are only eight of the men whose powers reach into the lives of the country. What they do affects almost all policies. Like John N. Mitchell, the Attorney General, Senator Mike Mansfield, Senator George Aiken, and a fistful of other men, they know that power is sometimes uncomfortable, but not very.

SENATOR J. WILLIAM FULBRIGHT, Democrat of Arkansas, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, is a lively, soft-spoken man to whom power comes easily. An important voice against the military-industrial complex, he is furiously opposed to the Viet Nam war: "We're not bugging out. We're liquidating." A wily, entrapping investigator, he is a deft fighter. His career has embraced a year as a Rhodes Scholar, the presidency of the University of Arkansas, and first fame as the originator of the Fulbright-Hays Scholarships and the Fulbright Resolution of 1943, which contained the germ of the United Nations. Genial, casual, a laugher, he is fearsome in the clinches. No one bypasses Bill Fulbright.

WARREN E. BURGER, Chief Justice of the United States, has far-reaching powers that no one so far knows whether he will use, whether he will swerve the course of the Supreme Court. A solid, easy, attractive man who knows exactly where he stands, he has a circumscribed but flexible mind that likes problems and does not mind unpopular solutions. His is the strict-constructionist view of the Constitution, but, to the dismay of some, not always; he agreed with the Warren Court's decisions on civil rights for the last fifteen years. Born in St. Paul, Minnesota, Justice Burger made at least one landmark decision as a judge of a U.S. Court of Appeals, likes good food, good furniture, good wine, and once gave a friend a copy of one of his decisions with this note: "Use instead of Seconal."

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JACK ROBINSON





WILLIAM McCHESNEY MARTIN, JR.,

President of the Federal Reserve Board for the past eighteen years, is a thin, shrewd, laughter-crinkled man whose suits always look crumpled and whose policies on tight money, which means high interest rates, are a major irritant to many economists. (There is a difference between money men and monetary men: The latter are more academic, the former more aggressive. Martin is a monetary man.) The Board, known as the Fed., came into existence in 1913, and was, said Martin, "the most important and lasting decision Woodrow Wilson made during his first term." The present objective of the Fed. is to counteract inflation and deflation, to share in creating conditions favourable to a stable dollar. When the whole Board meets every three weeks in its marble temple in Washington, William Martin opens the meeting in the majestic Board Room shown at the left by tapping a gavel with this inscription: "In the Commonwealth of Reason, Authority is Temporal."

MELVIN R. LAIRD,

Secretary of Defense, is a tall, slicked man who looks like a pro halfback on Friday—a player without tension. In reality, he must scramble to win as the Viet Nam policy keeps getting unstuck, as Congress makes the Pentagon fight for everything it wants. It almost lost the anti-ballistic missile system, partly through the craftsmanship of Senator Fulbright. It won, however, through the equally shrewd craftsmanship of Secretary Laird who spent sixteen years as a happy politician in the House, representing the seventh district of Wisconsin. He has a feel for the scholarship, the connoisseurship of politics. When he first arrived at the Pentagon, he was given to overblown statements, to a prairie windiness, but a few public rebukes and some private prickings led him to his present course of quietly changing some of the methods of the Pentagon, of deflating its size and switching policies.

POWER



JACK ROBINSON

SENATOR STROM THURMOND. Republican Senator from South Carolina, is enjoying the full bloom of power with the pleasure of seeing that he gets what he wants. Ever since he pulled the Southern states for President Nixon, ensuring a Republican victory, this fit, small, wrinkled man, who was the push behind the nomination of Judge Clement F. Haynsworth to the Supreme Court, has worked for the slowdown of the desegregation of schools and has put his former assistant Harry Dent in the White House as the chief political advisor to the President. Originally a Democrat, Senator Thurmond, a collector of plaques and photographs of himself with political friends, never had the power he has now, including in his time as Governor. During a Governors' Conference twenty-one years ago, when he plaintively questioned whether the Governor of North Carolina liked him, Governor R. Gregg Cherry said: "Shucks, I like you well enough, Strom. I'm just no damn fool about you."

HENRY A. KISSINGER. Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs, has enormous power because he always can reach President Nixon. He is a bubble of surface calm in the White House offices. A deflator of his own slight tendency to pompousness, he is a profoundly serious political scientist with a languid but ice-pick wit and an incorrigibly recognizable face in a Washington where many officials look as though their faces had been given out by the post-office stamp window. At nine on most mornings, Dr. Kissinger sees the President, who depends on him for daily analysis, for the detailing of options but not for framing policy nor for action. The author of *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy*, published in 1957, Dr. Kissinger first outlined there his theory that nations with high nuclear potentiality are somewhat handicapped by that potentiality. Neither a hawk nor a dove, he is believed partly responsible for getting President Johnson to stop the bombing of Hanoi in 1968. The mentally impoverished in symbolism have a tendency to call both Dr. Kissinger and Secretary Laird "Dr. Strangelove," a term pleasing to neither. On his White House desk, Dr. Kissinger, when this photograph was taken, had a telephone with eighteen buttons and the book *Men of Waterloo*.





WILLIAM P. ROGERS, Secretary of State, is a smoothing man with extremely bright blue eyes, healthy skin, and an engaging smile that gives nothing away. Formerly Attorney General under President Eisenhower, Secretary Rogers, who has had little foreign-policy experience, has gone extremely slow, testing out his footing. When he has testified before the Senate Committee for Foreign Relations, a tough group, he has been given a fairly easy time unlike the badgering given to Secretary of State Dean Rusk, who once explained how he could take the punishment: "Scotch Presbyterian." For years a friend and advisor of President Nixon, Secretary Rogers is at heart a soother, a negotiator, leaving much of policy making exactly where the President wants it—in the White House. That is not where the first Secretary of State, Thomas Jefferson, whose portrait copied by G.P.A. Healy from a portrait by Gilbert Stuart shows in the photograph above, ever wanted it. He gripped it. A calm man, Secretary Rogers once answered an ambassador: "Everyone refers to me as cool. Actually it's that I am numb." He is not numb and he is cool.

WILBUR D. MILLS, Chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, is an agreeable enigma whose choleric face fails to hide the most powerful man in the House of Representatives where he is a Democrat from Arkansas. No one can make Wilbur Mills move until he is fully ready. His Committee has brought out recently a controversial, complicated bundle of tax reforms, which, if passed even in part, could bring about some fundamental changes in the economy, closing out some tax shelters, reducing many kinds of tax allowances. These days lobbyists prowl through the bill. But taxes are only a portion of the work of Mills's Committee, the oldest permanent committee established by the First Congress, for it has jurisdiction over foreign trade and tariffs, over Social Security and Welfare benefits. For some arcane reason of his own, Congressman Mills shows to the public a sour puss, reserving for his friends a jolly ease, a round charm.



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

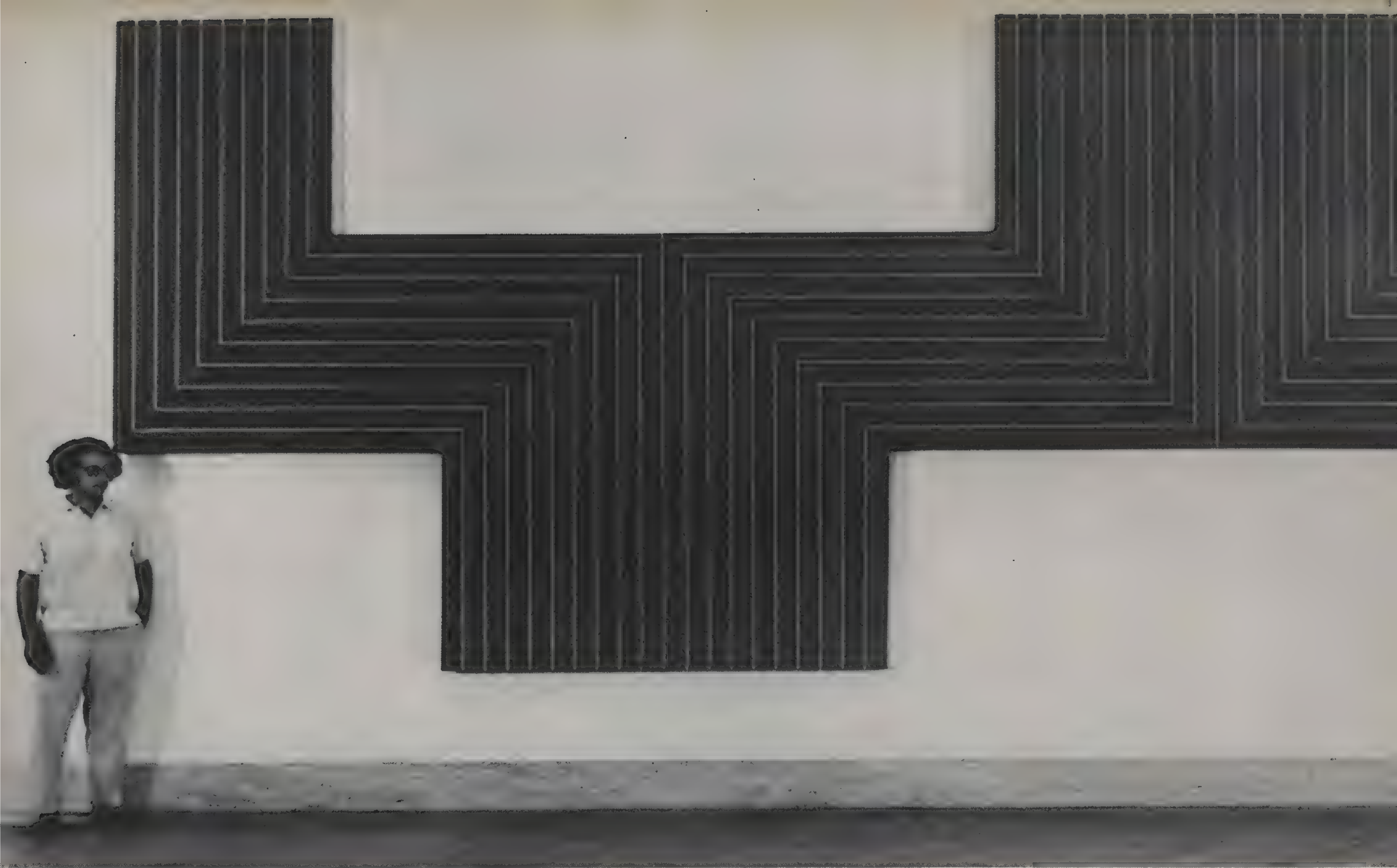
PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The rushing momentum of demands towards closing out the Viet Nam war. . . . The candour and the image-destroying details in the book *The Selling of the President, 1968* by young Joe McGinniss who describes the planning of President Nixon's television campaign by television professionals, all technique and deception, and by Nixon's "1950's-type friends. Men who thought Marshall McLuhan starred in *Gunsmoke*." . . . The surfacing of *The Bootleg Album* of Bob Dylan tapes, which go back as far as a Minnesota tape of 1961 when his voice was still rough, and ends with cuts of his recent, unreleased stuff with The Band; at times he has a high, nasal, clean-country sound along with some sour notes, but his best is the gospel "I Shall be Released" (the records come in a white cover with no names at all and may cost from \$5 to \$17 at the buyer's risk).

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *The Survivors*, the miserable Harold Robbins television series, designed by data processing, and acted without grace or sense by Ralph Bellamy, Lana Turner, and George Hamilton. . . . The campus gut issues beyond the war: ecology, environment, and survival in spite of pollution and crowding. . . . "Old Master Drawings From Chatsworth," a collection owned by the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire who have lent it first to the National Gallery in Washington; and then to a group of museums, including New York's Morgan Library, Philadelphia's Museum of Art, and others in Chicago, Los Angeles, and San Francisco; among the treasures, Fra' Filippino Lippi, Giulio Romano, Raphael, Rembrandt, Rubens, Dürer, Jacques Callot, and Poussin. . . . *Coming Apart*, a reasonably good film that slugs its audiences with blows of explicit sex.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Dennis King, who plays Baron von Epp with tiara and ballgown with the supreme confidence of Lady Bracknell in Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest*, except that King is a queen in Osborne's *A Patriot for Me*. . . . The television series *The Forsyte Saga* developed with some charm by the BBC from John Galsworthy's novels in which Property is the hero and the lesser characters go in for social climbing, adultery, illegitimacy, and other pleasures. . . . Luciano Berio's *Sinfonia*, which makes a stirring Columbia recording, mixing the words of James Joyce, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., and Claude Lévi-Strauss with a pastiche of sounds, cerebral, primitive, and sometimes witty. . . . The spotted brilliance of *Ambassador's Journal* by John Kenneth Galbraith who has written of his time as ambassador to India when he had a habit of writing informal letters to President Kennedy with gossip, aphorisms, and advice on anything he could think of, including in a letter of March 2, 1962 this warning: "Keep up the threshold [in Viet Nam] against the commitment of American combat forces. This is of the utmost importance. . . . Politics is not the art of the possible. It consists in choosing between the disastrous and the unpalatable."

FRANK STELLA, INTELLECTUAL PRECISIONIST At thirty-three he is a shy, skinny painter who has had a remarkable career ever since he was shown first at The Museum of Modern Art in a 1959 exhibition in New York. Now, he is one of forty-three artists in the enormous Centennial Exhibition "New York Painting and Sculpture: 1940-1970" at The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. (Opposite, he is shown in his loft studio with a semi-circular work, "Kufa Gate II.") Born in Malden, Massachusetts, the son of a gynaecologist, Stella is a graduate of Princeton University, 1958, where he studied painting and art history with William Seitz, now director of the Rose Museum at Brandeis College. At Princeton, in his senior year when he had almost stopped studying, Stella went off for days to New York to see the galleries and museums with his close friend, the painter Stephen Greene. The following year Stella's ascent started, he took a half floor in a loft building and began painting. He has a quick, embarrassed smile, his upper lip more or less hiding the upper gum from which his front teeth were knocked in a Malden brawl during his high school days. When he is not at his studio, he spends his time either getting more involved with painting or getting away from it all. In his rather short career his dealer, Leo Castelli, has sold Stellas to important museums all over the world, including the Whitney Museum of American Art, The Art Institute of Chicago, the Albright-Knox Art Gallery in Buffalo, The Los Angeles County Museum of Art, the Stedelijk Museum in Amsterdam, the Ludwig Collection at the Wallraf-Richartz Museum in Cologne, Germany, and to The Museum of Modern Art, which will have a Stella show through next April and May. Stella can not remember all the museums, but he does know that The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum does *not* own one.





COLLECTION, DR. AND MRS. CHARLES HENDRICKSON

What seems so clear now, almost a decade later, did not seem so clear in 1959: that four large canvases of nothing but black stripes by a twenty-three-year-old artist, a year out of Princeton University, were to become one of the watersheds in the history of modern painting. Even to eyes accustomed to the traditional audacities of modern art, Frank Stella's quartet of black paintings, chosen by Dorothy Miller for The Museum of Modern Art's "Sixteen Americans" show in New York, looked outrageous, the work of a youthful prankster. They were accused of being monotonously calculated, impudently vacuous, unfeelingly executed. But as is so often the case with negative criticism, such hostile comments defined with some accuracy those qualities that, with an about-face in visual prejudices, would soon become points to be admired. Indeed, by challenging the grandiose authority of the Abstract Expressionist masters who reigned in the 1950's, these paintings helped to establish the look and feel of what can now be recognized as a distinctive period style of

the 1960's.

In the face of the athletic, impassioned gestures of de Kooning, Pollock, and Kline, or the heroic expanses of Rothko, Still, and Newman, Frank Stella set out to effect nothing less than a pictorial and emotional housecleaning. Impulsive, personal brushwork; exquisite chromatic subtleties; unpredictably organic structures of swirling lines, luminous depths, ragged contours—such earmarks of the old masters' painting were to go, along with what to a younger generation looked like chest-beating romantic drama and egotism.

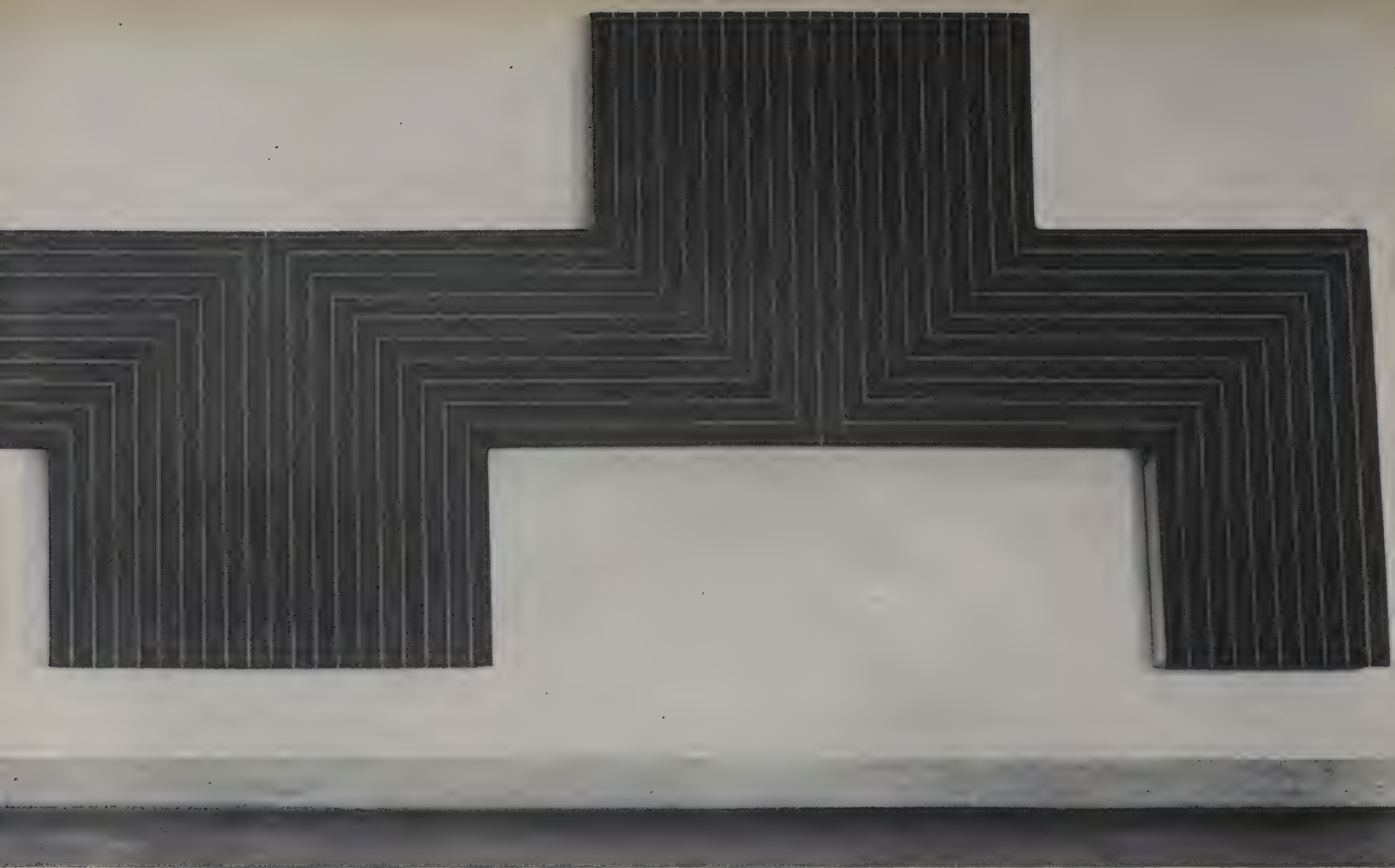
Stella's assault was head-on. The indeterminate structure, colour, feeling of his elders were turned inside out in favour of paintings that looked emphatically, almost simple-mindedly predetermined. The unique compositional element was a stripe of regular width, repeated in patterns of blatant symmetry, like a childish idea of a formal garden. Here, even the slightest irregularity was to be outlawed, and traditional distinctions between major and minor elements, core and periphery were to be eliminated. And the colours, or rather anti-colours, also insisted on this primer of pictorial ABC's: The stripes were all of the same unmodulated black, starkly contrasted with the white linear network created by the rivulets of canvas visible between them.

Moreover, any sense of spatial illusionism was avoided, for there were no overlappings, but rather an assertive flatness that located all stripes on the same plane of the canvas's level field. And, above all, the stripes followed exclusively rectilinear patterns, which echoed redundantly the basic rectangular format of the painting area. As a result, the surface of the painting no longer looked like an arena in which some drama, event, or illusion was to

"An exhilarating adventure,"

FRANK STELLA

By Robert Rosenblum



GRIGSBY

occur, but rather like a reiteration of the picture's structural skeleton, which began, startlingly enough, to crowd out the territory of the painting. The container and the thing contained were confounded in a single object. The frame and the picture were becoming one.

Once set into motion, these drastic re-directions could hardly be halted, and Stella followed his new leads in a sequence of paintings that provide, in the 1960's, the kind of exhilarating adventure that we look back to, nostalgically, in the early annals of modern art, whether we think of Picasso's and Braque's daring insistence on pushing their Cubist premises to ever more unfamiliar deductions, or of Mondrian's no less intensive search for a visual vocabulary and syntax that could say the most with the least. The passionate logic of Stella's own evolution belongs to this great modern tradition. Always a step ahead of his spectators and critics, he surprised even those who thought they liked and understood the black paintings by pursuing the consequences of these works even further.

In colour, for example, the next two series of paintings, of 1960 and 1961, were even more willfully negative about the art of the 1950's than were the black paintings: The first group was painted in a metallic aluminum; the second, in a no less glossy and industrial copper, which presumed to chill out any remnants of traditional chromatic warmth and feeling. In structure, the implications of the black paintings became disarmingly explicit in these first shaped canvases, where the dialogue between the frame and the picture it enclosed became so interdependent that the actual edge of the painting suddenly broke from the traditional rectangular format to follow the rectilinear protrusions or recessions of the striped patterns it contained. Indeed, by 1963, in a series of polygonal canvases painted entirely in a shrill, metallic purple that corresponded to the new Pop sensibility, the core of each painting was a void, its boun-

Frank Stella with one of his eight paintings in the Centennial Exhibition at The Metropolitan Museum—the forty-two-foot long “Sangre de Cristo,” painted in 1967.

daries repeating the contours of the outer edge, so that the traditional relationship of frame to picture, of inside to outside, was contradicted. That stubborn convention of Western painting—a rectangular field—was overthrown.

For Stella, this structural Declaration of Independence—what one might call a new freedom from the tyranny of the rectangle—set off a sequence of dizzying pictorial explorations. In 1964, he executed seemingly simple wedge-shaped works that fuse convergent stripes in a single, piercing arrow tip; in other works of that year, such chevron forms cling together in tensely magnetized duos and trios, or zigzag recklessly across a wall. Often, in their evocation of sleek, clean velocity, these parallel streaks, which suddenly make a left or right turn or come to a breathtakingly pinpointed halt, recall that Futurist tradition in modern painting and design which would symbolize mechanical speed through streamlined geometries. And from 1964 on, the kinesthetic forces repressed in Stella's early work became overt, with results that electrify the apparent inertia and solemnity of the first black paintings and shaped canvases. More and more, the recent Stellas carry a furious dynamic charge.

In 1966, these energies became unprecedentedly complex in taut interlockings of irregular shapes defined by acute and obtuse angles that seem to be wrenched out of the canvas's jagged peripheries or to collide in internal (Continued on page 160)



Big-time watch, big-time rings, above: one-two-three gold puzzle rings, the largest laced with silver . . . and a gold oval watch enamelled in bottle green and flanked with enamel horseshoe links that hook up with a bit to circle the wrist . . . this wrist clad in glad-yellow matte silk jersey—the sleeve of a Jax T-shirt slipped under a shimmery-shinery purple tunic from Scott Barrie, all wrap, sash, and dash. Small ring from African Modern, 63 E. 8th St. Two bigger rings from Jose Grant. Bueche Girod watch of 18-k. gold, \$850. At Cartier; Nan Duskin; Balogh. Lurex-and-rayon tunic, about \$75. Best & Co.

**HOW TO MAKE THE BIG
TIME IN 10 EASY PAGES—
BIG-TIME WATCHES, RINGS,
BAGS. THINGS...
AND BIG-TIME WAYS
TO TAKE THE WRAP**

THE SPLASH THAT ADDS THE DASH

Time to swing, right: time to clip a big gold pocket watch on a long blond braid . . . time to hang loose and swing with the times, have fun with accessories, fun with hair. The golden glitter-knit— a little long-sleeved romper with shonestone buttons. Watch of 18-k. gold, by Baume & Mercier. \$330. At Bergdorf Goodman; Laykin et Cie., at I. Magnin. Romper (with its own skirt) by Juliano Knits, of Lurex and acetate. \$110. Bloomingdale's. Coiffures: Ara Gallant.





IG-TIME
b ORNAMENTATION —
JEWELLED CUFFS
AND STRAPPING WATCHES

Time on the cuff, opposite page:

super-luxe way to polish off the sleeves of a little white angora sweater — open gold cuffs studded with turquoise and set with an unnumbered squared coral watch. Piaget watch-cuffs. Van Cleef & Arpels, Bailey Banks & Biddle, Neiman-Marcus. Sweater with matching pants and cardigan, by Holly Park of Limerick. \$210. Saks Fifth Avenue. Coiffure: Alan of Lewis and Hapson.

Strapped for time, this page...

Above left: Tissot's watch with dark-blue dial, Roman numerals, \$45. Bloomingdale's, Carteaux Jewelers, Chicago....

Above right: from Gruen, a big bright-orange-faced watch, \$67. At Bergdorf Goodman.... Below left: a nicely proportioned watch from Rolex — 14-k. gold — \$280. Cartier, Bailey Banks & Biddle.

Below right: octagonal watch from Lucien Piccard — patterned 14-k. gold face and case, set on a wide black alligator strap. \$275. Merrin Jewelers; Beverly Hills Jewelers. White acetate- and-nylon crêpe-backed satin tunic by Adelaar. \$30.

Bloomingdale's. Ara Gallant coiffure.



bIG-TIME
SILVER
AND
BIG-TIME SHINE

Silver all the time, this page: silvery watch held like Saturn in a silvery ring, and laced to the leg with a silvery tape... a stand-up hunk of silver ring... and a silver-knit romper with diamanté buttons. Schiaparelli watch; \$25. Barwit Teller; Sokowitz. Manette ring; \$150. At the Scarlett Studio, Woodstock, New York. Romper (with matching skirt) by Juliano Knits, of Lurex and acetate; \$110. Bloomingdale's.

Shine time, right: s'licorice shirt of crushed black fake patent, armed with watches. Near arm: a big electric Timex with black Roman numerals; \$25. Macy's, Carson Pirie Scott. For arm, top: Sherrard's no-number brushed gilt dial, dunked on a shiny red band. About \$24. Best & Co., Higbee's. For arm, middle: Dynasty watch deep-set in a golden doughnut; \$17. At Bloomingdale's, J. W. Robinson.... Far arm, below: Old England's beach watch, black in a red detachable case; \$20. Altman's, Carson Pirie Scott. Nylon suit by Nora Herzinger for Mallory; \$36. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. Ara Gallani coiffures.





BIG RED. BIG BAGS. BIG-TIME STRAP WRAP

Wrap and tie a long watch-strap, this page. Bill Bass for Vantage; \$35. Bonwit Teller; Wanamaker's, Philadelphia; Julius Garfinckel; Joseph Magnin.

... Big brown leather shoulder bag hitched up against the ribs. Ruth Satz for Saber. ... Natural cashmere tunic by Jeanne Campbell for Sportsworld; \$70. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman.

Wrap and tie
a shiny red belt,
left, over layers
and layers of reds.
By Elegant; about \$6.
Bloomingdale's; Halle's,
Cleveland. ... Wristband
by Delia and Pablo;
\$10. Henri Bendel. ...
Estancia portfolio
shoulder bag; about \$58.
Altman's; Gidding-Jenny;
Neiman-Marcus. ...
Undershirt-tunic, Jon
Haggins for Glentex; \$6.
Lord & Taylor. ... Halston
shirt-tunic of Enkalure nylon
jersey; \$55. Bloomingdale's. ...
Kinross of Scotland cashmere
turtleneck. Ara Gallant coiffure.



Chanel. The necklace is a
reproduction of a necklace made
in the 18th century for Marie Antoinette.
Bloomington, 15. A necklace by
Giant propeller, a necklace made of silver and
powered ebony, up to 1000 dollars, made in
sculptured silver chain. And on the ring—on a ring
and silver rings on rings. Wildly in a wolf kit
over an embroidered red tie. Neckties by Paul
Scarlett, \$830. Art by Scarlett, \$830.
Woodstock, New York. Rings from the American Indian
Arts Center. Ties from Odyssey Wolf kit
by Jacques La Rume for V/ood, about \$145.
At Bonwit Teller, Neustaters. Coiffure: Ara Galant.

1970-1971
1971-1972



SUNNY GIRL...

Princess Ira Fürstenberg and the sun-brown wraps

Princess Ira's the sunny girl with the fresh sea air and the figure to carry it off—whittled to pure sun-brown curve; and seen in the sunny Mediterranean light of these and the next eight pages.

Sun-shoulder cape, left, blown back and across the sand—there's a little bikini to wear, or not, in the same rich sunny brown. By Bill Blass, in sueded knit of Caprolan nylon (Silco fabric). About \$100.

At Bonwit Teller; Swanson's; Neiman-Marcus; Bullock's-Wilshire.

Sunny wrappy stretch of terry, right, for the big dry-off after little dips—sun brown with a silk India-print muffler flying alongside. By Halston, in Avril (Alamac fabric). About \$130.

At Bloomingdale's; Halle's, Cleveland; Sakowitz.

Odyssey muffler. On every page, coiffures by Alba e Francesca of Rome and everywhere a glow of sun-brown skin, another name for which might be Ambre Solaire—at least that's what L'Oréal calls it.





SUNNY GIRL...

*P*rincess Ira
leotarded
and burnoosed

Sun-brown, sun-open, far left,
and the most adorable cling
of leotard to make for the open
sea—barely held together
by brassy round buttons
from turtleneck to waist.
By Cole of California, in Antron
nylon and Lycra (Milliken
fabric). \$40. Saks Fifth
Avenue, New York.

Blue and enveloping as the sea,
near left, from hood to toe—
it's a zippy burnoose like this
that makes midnight dips,
and early morning swims,
such pure delight. By Ruth
Bekker, in Orlon. About \$30.
Henri Bendel; Bramson;
Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin.

SUNNY GIRL...
Princess
Ira
scarfed
for the plunge





All plunge, far left, and a whiff of skirt--
free little translation from the Greek worn here with
streamering head scarf. By Narducci Sport, in brown
Enkalure nylon (Current Textiles). \$38. Bloomingdale's.
The black sea, left--deepest plunge of all, caught
by a drawstring on its way to the navel. Jacques Tiffeau
for Catalina. Dacron and Du Pont nylon (Texfi fabric).
About \$30. Best & Co.; Jordan Marsh, Florida;
Stix, Baer & Fuller; Bullock's, Pasadena.
This page: sunglasses by Bernard Kayman.
Perfect brown maillot, right, curved low on top,
high on the leg--the long, long fling of
India print is simply knotted like a tie.
Catalina; nylon and Lycra. About \$25.
Bonwit Teller; Burdine's;
Stix, Baer & Fuller;
Titcher's, Dallas; Bullock's,
Pasadena. Odyssey scarfs.





SUNNY GIRL...
Princess Ira
and the
open-sea maillot,
the sea-side robe

This all goes to show,
far left, what a show-off a
maillot can be—just so
much sun-brown knit and a
lot of glistening sun-brown
skin. By Elisabeth Stewart,
in nylon. About \$29.
At Bloomingdale's;
Sakowitz;
Bullock's-Wilshire.
Long on languor, left, and
about as simple as a
sheet—some six yards of
flowing white slashed wide
at the crew neck,
sashed high with a cord,
open all the way down
each side. Robe and
matching bikini by Scott
Barrie, in Du Pont nylon and
Lycra (Liberty fabric).
About \$90. Henri Bendel;
Country Club Fashions.

SUNNY GIRL...
Princess Ira
and the surf-white
sundresses

Little Empire for Princess

Ira, near right, snug
and succinct in white
cotton piqué, a band of lace
circling the bosom and the
rim of each puffed sleeve.

By The Villager.

About \$22. Altman's;

Stix, Baer & Fuller;

J. W. Robinson.

Nothing but lace, centre

right, and not too
much of that—just a little
flower-strewn tracery
that buttons as far as you
like. With a matching
bikini (not shown), by
Sandcastle, of cotton.

About \$36. Lord & Taylor;

H. & S. Pogue; I. Magnin.

Bernard Kayman sunglasses.

Nifty little straphanger,

far right, doing its
glorious bit for sun-brown
shoulders and back:
everything—barely one
matte white yard—hangs by a
T-strap. By Geoffrey Beene
for Roxanne, in suèded
nylon jersey. About \$50.
Saks Fifth Avenue, New
York; Halle's, Cleveland;
Neiman-Marcus.

Renauld sunglasses.

Coiffures on these and the

preceding eight pages:

Alba e Francesca of Rome.



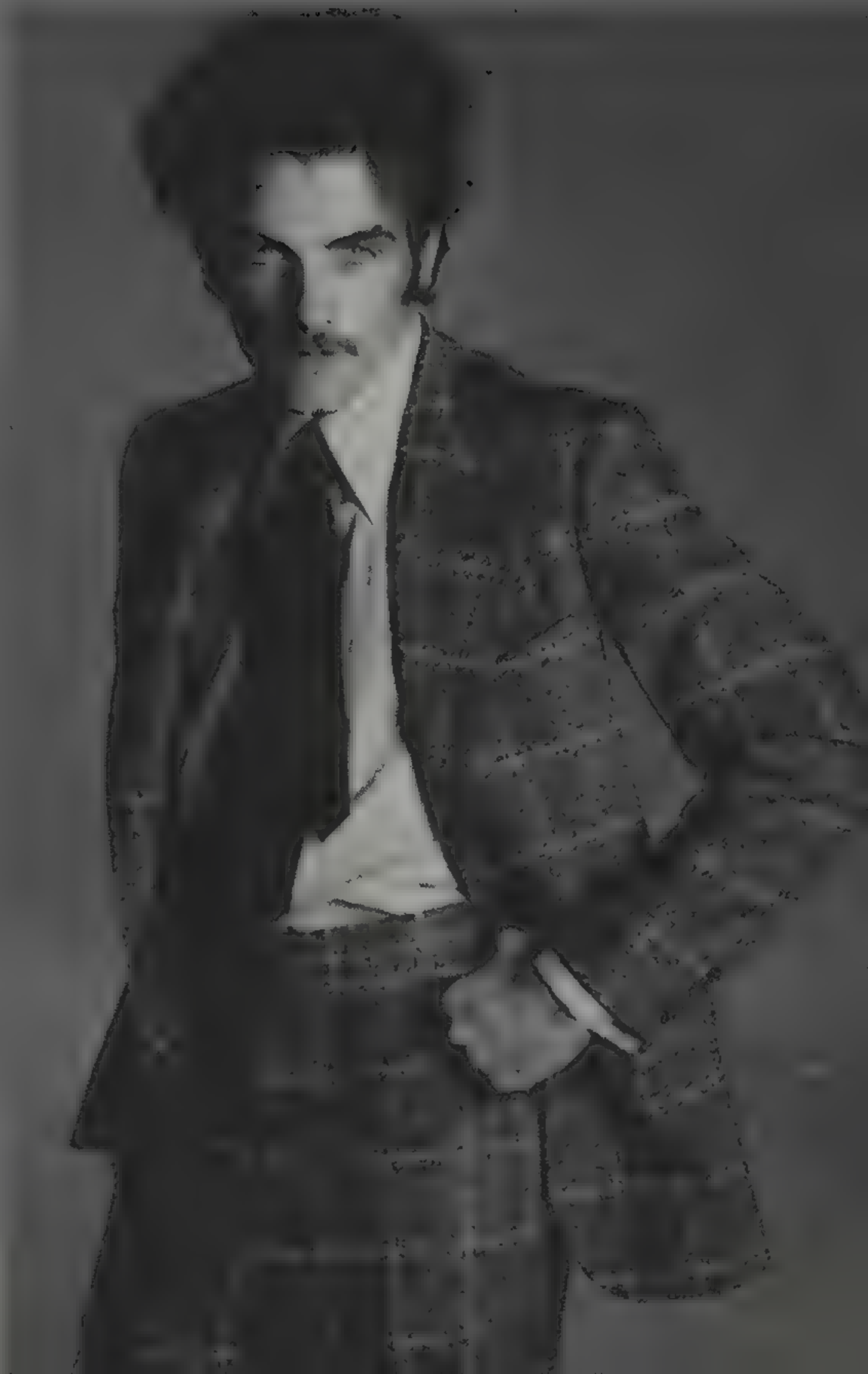




For a new
American hero,
modern greats worn
by Mark Frechette

Thirteen hundred strong, the youth of America answered Antonioni's call for a modern American hero for his new film. The creator of *Blow-Up* chose Mark Frechette, twenty-two-year-old blue-eyed Massachusetts stonemason, to portray the American man of the hour in *Zabriskie Point*, set to open next month. With most of his peers, Mark shares a consuming interest in film-making and in astrology. Between his first acting rôle, and growing a moustache for his second, now before the cameras in Yugoslavia, Mark was behind the camera making a documentary. Not even stardom deters a determined film-maker—particularly not a Sagittarius. *Left*, Mark in the year's single most important shape: the double-breasted blazer, newly narrowed and assured in navy wool. By Marc Bohan for Christian Dior Monsieur. At Altman's; Buffum's, San Diego. *Right*, Kilgour, French & Stanbury—revered name in bespoke tailoring on Savile Row, now here, off the peg—with a clear-grey wool blazer, silver-buttoned. Tartan trews in deep green, navy, red. Barney's. Shirt and ascot: part of the scarlet streak that's haberdashery news.





Mark

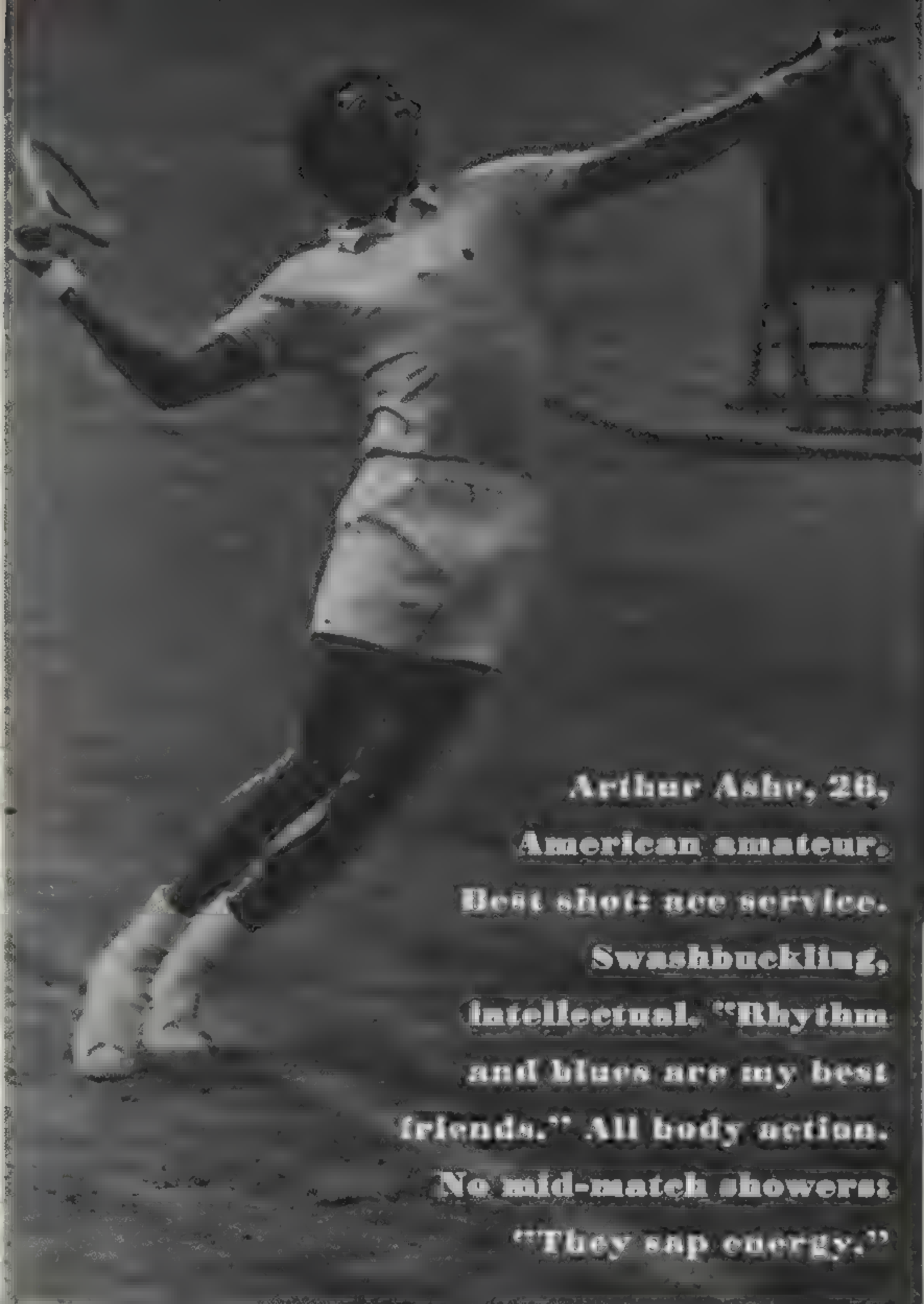
**Frechette in
great greys, blazer
suits, a rain suit**

Here, suits in new guises on the new man about films, *Zabriskie Point* star Mark Frechette. *Far left*, grey wool flannel suit, bright news for the length of jacket, military dash of a broad black leather belt. Cardin USA. Lord & Taylor; J. W. Robinson. French-blue and string-colour cotton knit shirt. At Madonna. *Top left*, blazer grown to suit status with matching navy striped trousers. Of Raeford Worsted. Franklin Bober for Clinton-Swan. At Jordan Marsh, Boston; Joseph Horne; Joseph Magnin. Shirt, wool knit of pale blue rayed with white for stripe-on-stripe wear. By Gino Paoli. *Bottom left*, clean grey lightened with white plaid, brightened with faint cherry overplaid, pink jacquard-stripe shirt, claret-and-navy geometric print silk tie. A British woollen, from Polo by Ralph Lauren. Neiman-Marcus. *Right*, the rain suit, all four pieces of it fine Pomezia cotton checked in browns from palest to deepest. From Geoffrey Beene's first men's collection. Beene for men going out now through spring to stores around the country—in New York, Lord & Taylor.



Super Tennis Men.
 Here, four amateurs,
 four pros, all champions
 in world tournament play—
 handsome, hard-swingers,
 fit. They work out three to
 four hours a day, eat steak,
 dance. In a five-set doubles
 championship match,
 players run the equivalent
 of seven miles, lose ten
 pounds. Individualists in
 looks, life style, and
 form, tennis men hang
 together in stamina, sweat,
 the gut to win.

JACK ROBINSON



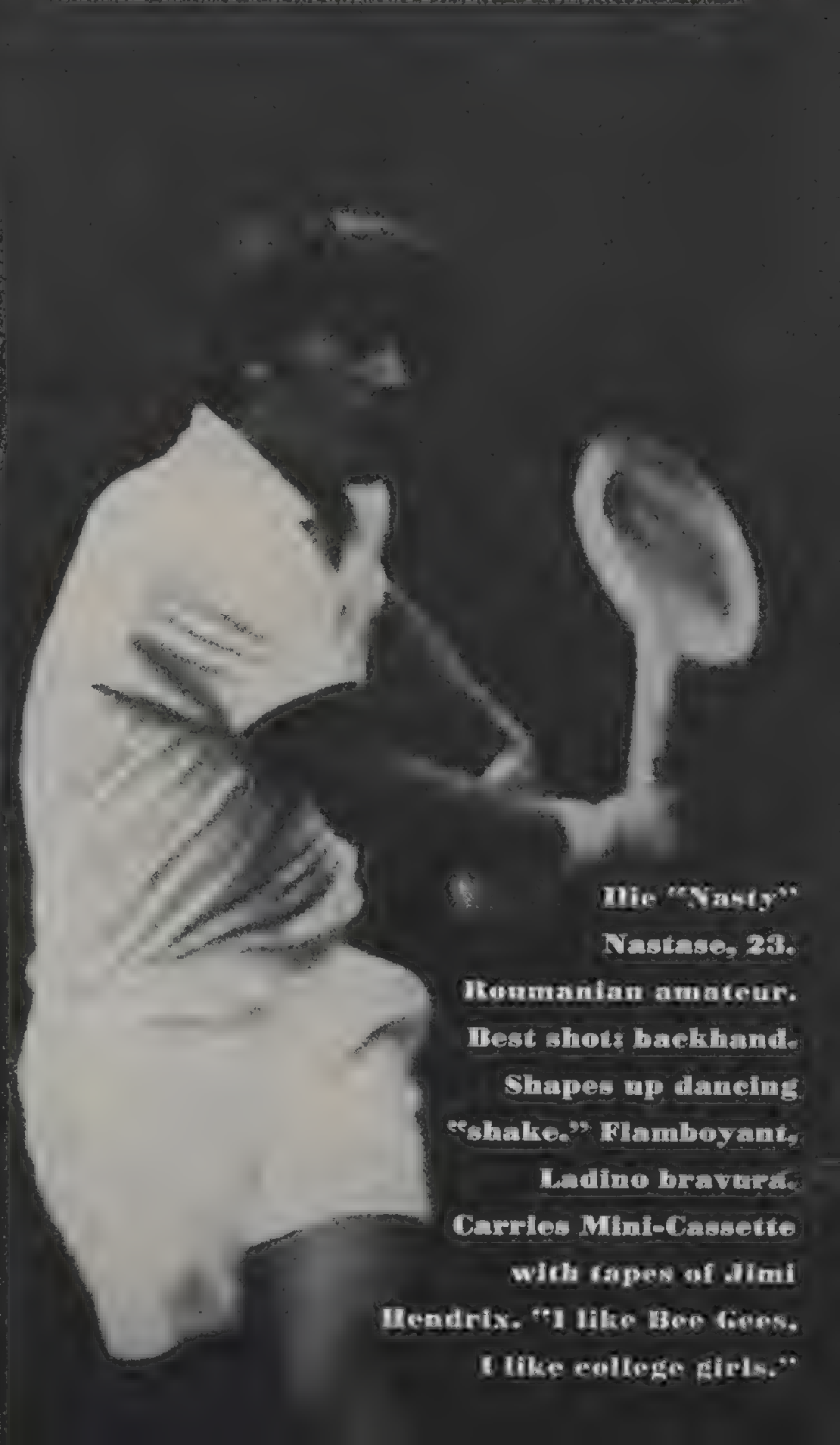
Arthur Ashe, 26,
 American amateur.
 Best shot: ace service.
 Swashbuckling,
 intellectual. "Rhythm
 and blues are my best
 friends." All body action.
 No mid-match showers:
 "They sap energy."




Charles "Charlito"
 Pasarell, 25.
 Puerto Rican amateur.
 Best shot: forehand.
 Specialist Four: U.S. Army. A power
 player, all-court game. Latin cat grace,
 jungle-green eyes, St. Christopher medal.
 "I dig rock, bossa, flamenco... and rice."




Ray Moore, 23, South African
 pro. Best shot: backhand.
 Ginger, lionheart hair,
 headbanded. Sexy, mannerly,
 a true groove. Records rock.
 Dances. Swings. "Girls
 don't have to be any special
 shape, size, or colour, but
 I'm partial to slim girls with
 long blond hair."




Ilie "Nasty"
 Nastase, 23.
 Roumanian amateur.
 Best shot: backhand.
 Shapes up dancing
 "shake." Flamboyant,
 Ladino bravura.
 Carries Mini-Cassette
 with tapes of Jimi
 Hendrix. "I like Bee Gees.
 I like college girls."




Marty Riessen, 27,
American pro. Best shot:
forehand volley. Linear,
blue eyes, dashing
moustache. Former
basketballer. "On the
circuit I keep regular
hours and eat beef and
applesauce."



Ion "Tirry Baby"
Tiriac, 30.
Roumanian
amateur. Hits ball
as if he hates it.
Gold Taurus medal
on furry chest.
Ice hockey champion
and karate expert.
From Dracula-land,
Transylvania.
Brooding,
temperamental.
"My best shot
are my legs."



Dennis "the menace"
Ralston, 27. Racy,
racé American pro.
Best shot: forehand.
Likes sound:
"Country & Western,
Ella." Aggressive,
disciplined. "It
that matters is what
happens on the court."



Tony Roche, 24,
Australian pro.
Best shot: backhand.
Overwhelming force,
lots of spin. Blue eyes,
spiky Napoleon haircut.
Left-handed. "I wear this Saboun
copper bracelet to keep from getting
rheumatism in my old age."

LIFE-STYLE GIVENCHY

IN HIS PARIS APARTMENT, HIS HOUSE NEAR VERSAILLES, THE CLOTHES HE DESIGNS—AND WEARS—HUBERT DE GIVENCHY PROVES OUT HIS SENSE OF PROPORTION, OF EDITED LUXURY, OF THE BALANCE OF PRESENT AND PAST

Lean, collected, exceptionally tall, Hubert de Givenchy looks at the world from several heights. For one thing, his sightline is simply higher than other people's: That may explain his sense of lofty spaciousness, of verticals stopped-down with deliberate horizontals, that give both his apartment in Paris and his one-storey house in the country their authority and calm. Givenchy's other heights are those of experience—as one of the greatest of French couturiers—and of judgment: The most important aspect of the Givenchy life-style could be what it does *not* include. As Givenchy acquires, he rejects; less good gives way to better.

Givenchy juxtaposes the old and the new with a joyful deliberation—the results never pedantic but clearly informed. For instance: In the entrance of his Paris apartment, *this page*, a 1968 Picasso, "Man With a Pipe," hangs above an extraordinary Louis XVI console, designed possibly for a military school, and carved with lions' heads, hides, and lashing tails. A seventeenth-century bronze horse stands between bronze doré Louis XIV candlesticks. This fragment of an interior might stand as a sum of the Givenchy style, if the Givenchy style ever stayed still.

Opposite page: Hubert de Givenchy, in country stride, wearing a suit as sensible as a mechanic's overall (which it is cut like) and as luxurious as suède (which it is) over a navy wool turtleneck, with a panache of red muffler. The country car, not yet Givenchy's but his kind, is the new tough little Citroën Méhari, a dashing snow, sand, and field machine.





LIFE-STYLE GIVENCHY

Hubert de Givenchy chose his Paris apartment in part for its proportions, the high ceilings of nineteenth-century rooms, all background to his stagings of old against new. His on-going country house (next pages) in open farmland near Versailles began with one small central structure and a swimming pool, and now spreads in perpetual add-a-room incompleteness.

Clutter is not Givenchy's thing. "Purifying and refining" are. White walls are. Animals, in life and image, are: "Fill a house with animals and you fill it with life," Givenchy said. (The members of his household include two whippets—one, a rare white—and a dachshund.) The final clue to Givenchy's style may be that, in construction, his house still doesn't look frantic or hapless. The clothes he has started to design for men, and wears on these pages, have, like his living places, the Givenchy sense of order, of proportion, of purpose.

Right: In the salon, in front of a Picasso drawing, "Great Pan," Hubert de Givenchy wearing evening trousers in a nubby, silvered brocade with a navy silk turtleneck.

Opposite page, top: In his salon with his whippet, Bucky, on a sofa as long as a young yacht, Givenchy wearing a black silk pullover, black guardsman's trousers with a red stripe strapped over black patent leather boots. The rug, patterned with birds and beasts, was made in the eighteenth century by girls at l'École de St. Cyr, founded by Mme. de Maintenon. Behind an eighteenth-century Venetian Chinaman, a Regency screen of Chinese paper embroidered in silk. *Top right:* A Givenchy table setting: The flowers, always white; usually, as here, sweet peas. English silver with Compagnie des Indes blue-and-white plates and fish, once designed to hold fishbones, now to hold caviar. *Opposite page, below left:* The guest bedroom, up under the eaves, has an extra-long bed (like all Givenchy beds) hung in rough Himalayan linen, modern chairs from Knoll Associates, a rug by Kijno. In a window, a painting on glass by Michael Haynes. *Below, right:* Givenchy, between a Boulle armoire and a pot-au-feu in a bronze doré mounting by Gouthière.









LIFE-STYLE GIVENCHY

Life-style country style, around Givenchy's house (photographed, *below*) near Versailles. *Above*: A patently Givenchy sum of then and now: Behind a modern radio stands a seventeenth-century Italian wooden horse.

Opposite page, top left: With the whippet Bucky, the Givenchy attack on a country boot, tan and black, with red stitching. *Far left, below*: Givenchy in a lean and slouchy mid-calf-length coat in deep red suède. *Opposite page right, above*: In front of his stables, Givenchy in a gabardine shortcoat, lined in lapin, collared in mouton. *Centre*: In his country bedroom, a collection of silver and tortoise-shell with, in the frame, a photograph of Audrey Hepburn for whom Givenchy has, for years, memorably designed clothes. *Below*: On a super-long chaise, a cushion with a Bucky portrait stitched in petit point. Over the fireplace, a seventeenth-century Italian mirror with, right, a painting by Jean Cortot, a contemporary French artist. *This page, left*: Givenchy in a smashing big raccoon cape worn here with American country pants. Coats and cape: Givenchy Gentlemen Boutique in Paris; at Barney's.

JOHN COWAN



125 Gift Ideas

prices mini to out-of-sight

First you catch a reindeer. . . . Well, no, that's losing time. First you make a list, bearing in mind that not everyone wants a Rosemary's Baby Doll. But try to be ingenious, a little bit loving as well as giving. Like this: For a young cook still torn between the crème brûlée school and lasagna—the *Alice's Restaurant Cookbook* by Alice May Brock; derived, naturally, from the record and the motion picture of the same name. "Stay loose," advises Alice. Random House, \$5.95. . . . To a serious chess player with a sense of aesthetics, chessmen of clear and smoky quartz—clear for one player, smoky for the other. \$890 at Bloomingdale's. . . . Orchids to almost anyone—Cattleya or Cypripedium in bloom; prices \$11.75 to \$29.15; write the Rod McLellan Co., 1450 El Camino Real, South San Francisco, California 94080. . . . A season ticket to the Mets games—or any other team of his choice. . . . Think big; we know one pretty girl who will be getting an ankle-length fur coat for Christmas, and her husband is counting on an orangerie glassed against an old stone wall of their country house and all set for boxed orange and lemon trees, exotica from Tibet and Africa, herbs for the kitchen. . . . Two Cassette-Corders in the Sony élite merit consideration—Model 124-CS for about \$200 and Model 130 for about \$230; "and they don't sound tinny," comments a perfectionist we know. . . . Anyone for backgammon? Well, now at last one can have the famous board originally designed for the clubmen of Boodles; \$192.50 at For Her/For Him Ltd., 910 Madison Avenue, N. Y. . . . Same shop has copies of Limoges boxes designed for the time when a girl needed a box to hold her beauty spots. . . . Top dog of the year is, once again, the Lhasa Apso of Tibetan lineage and, we're told, great charm. The prices have come down from the \$1,000 level of 1933 to \$200 and up. . . . But for families who live in the country it's hard to beat one of those woolly sheepdogs that never look as though they had any sense of direction. . . . Marguerite Stix, past mistress of the shell game, turns some into minaudières edged in gold and clasped with a jewel. About \$250 and perfect for an ornamental (Continued on next page)

THE SILVER IDEA

Silver is one of the rare things which bears repeating. Who can have too many bowls, cups, or boxes to use in a hundred ways all over the house?

Shown from left to right: Town Crier's bell, 6" high, \$145. Tiffany.*

5" plated oval bonbon dishes, bun feet, \$7.85 ea., Reed & Barton.

Plated bud vases, for pencils or fans, too, \$5.95, \$7.85, \$9.94. Gorham

Plated tea caddy-cigarette boxes: the top two, \$17.50 ea.; the bottom pair, \$25 ea. Both, Lunt. Towle's squared plated tidbit dishes, \$7.50 ea. A vermeil

15" Chippendale tray, International, \$15. The 10½" tea tray is \$700, the 13" scallop-edged tray, \$675. Both, Tiffany. Tudor Gold butter plates in a row,

\$15 ea., Oneida. A tower of Reed & Barton glass-lined cups, \$34.50 ea. . . .

Napkin rings, plated, \$6 ea., Towle. Reed & Barton's Lark serving spoons, \$24.50 ea.; Lunt's Early American spoons, \$25 ea.; Oneida's vermeil

Modern Baroque spoons, \$7 ea. Unusual hound stirrup cup, \$325.

Jigger-sized pup, \$90. Both, James Robinson. A plated heating stand, lift-out burner, Towle, \$32.50. Massive 10" candlestick, \$800 pr., Tiffany.

*UNLESS OTHERWISE SPECIFIED, ALL PIECES ARE STERLING





(Continued) woman who might also be taken with Peruvian beads strung with ultimate fantasy by Carol Daniels; at Henri Bendel. Or thongs thin as men's shoelaces to wear as wristbands, chokers, anklets; by Bruce Rudow, also at Henri Bendel. Delicious Tunisian leather jewellery. Big clunks of golden body jewellery by Alexis Kirk at Bonwit Teller. A crocheted bikini will slip into a stocking, \$35, at The Swinging Bishop, 1283 Madison Ave., N. Y. . . . Fun is a good idea: plunk crazy buttons (the joke-store kind) on beautifully wrapped packages; give mad blow-ups of Skippy peanut butter jars, catsup bottles, Chiquita banana to anyone over eight, even over eight and thirty. . . . Money and time—what a gift! But it's a touch passé to hand out thousand-dollar bills for lighting cigars, and you have to know the recipient's tastes a bit to give credit or service. Not hard at all if you put your mind to it. For instance, you know a marvellous cook who goes on from year to year stuffing clippings and notes to herself into cookbooks; give her five days of a good secretary's efficiency to bring order out of chaos. . . . Credit with a good nursery for annual seedlings or perennials. . . . Credit at a bookstore. . . . Credit with a framer. . . . And for someone you know very well, a paid-in-advance series of facials or exercises, two weeks at Elizabeth Arden's Maine Chance. . . . For someone young and dashing, a learn- (Continued on page 159)

CRYSTAL BARTENDERS

As sparkling as a chandelier . . . that's the look of the grog tray these holidays . . . what with clear vodka drinks in high favour, sake and tequila gaining fans, and the affinity of crystals of ice for crystal containers.

Reading from left to right: Dansk fluted old-fashioned glass, \$4.25, atop Neal Small's Thermos bottle, \$35.

Orrefors' thick-stemmed goblet, \$9.50. All, Bonniers, 605 Madison Ave., N. Y. A fat decanter with crystal stopper, \$22.50; above it, Illusion, a bottle-shaped decanter, \$18.50. The carafe-pitcher, \$10.

All, Georg Jensen, 667 Fifth Ave., N. Y. On the pitcher, a decanter, with silver ring cork, not shown, \$25, Tiffany.

A tall goblet with baluster stem, Alexia, \$7.50, Cartier, 653 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.,

stands on Fostoria's Argus old-fashioned glass, \$4.

Thick-bottomed old-fashioned glass, Mirage, by Royal Worcester, \$3.75. Waterford's cut crystal Sheila goblet, \$9.25. Behind it, two Rubin goblets, 2 for

\$23. On top, heavy Boda goblet, \$9.50. All three, Georg Jensen, 667 Fifth Ave., N. Y. The old-fashioned glass with thumb print cutting, \$11, Tiffany.

All-purpose goblet with star cutting, Concerto by Spode, \$7.25, stands on a Lenox goblet, Pendant, \$6.95. The giant all-purpose goblet, \$4.50: Tiffany.





VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS



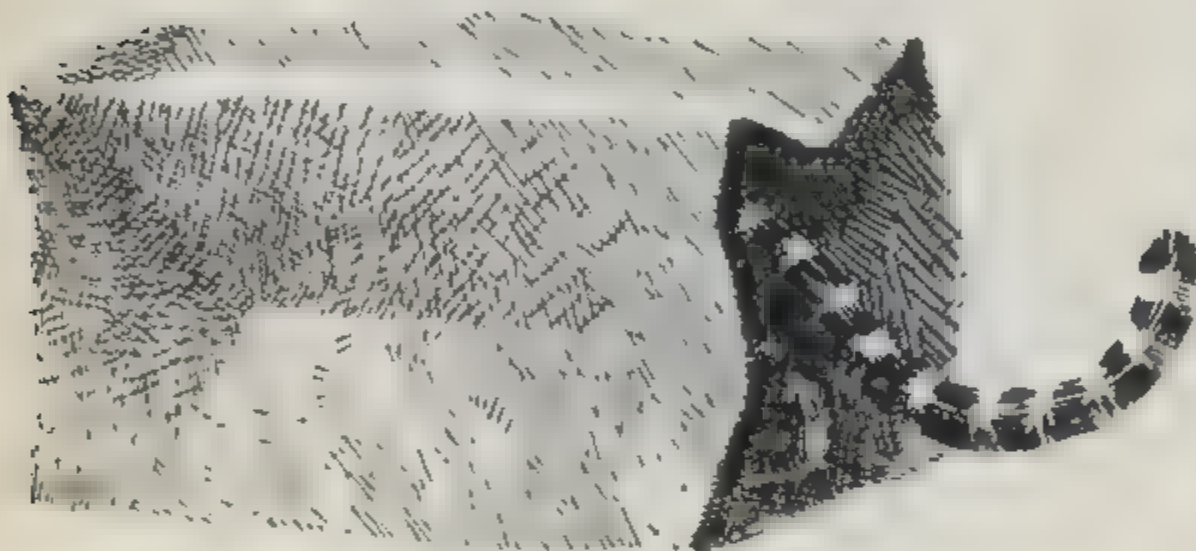
CHARLES TRACY

As close to the skin as a fabric can get—that's the way Stephen Burrows likes his patterned knits to fit. Stephen designs his skin-fit knits for men, for women—always the look is sexy, beautiful. Above, man's U-neck shirt, \$30. Girl's V-necked mid-calf-length tunic, \$75. Both from O Boutique, 236 Park Avenue South. Man's print knit cap, \$5, also from O Boutique. . . .

London: Slings. Penelope Tree reports to us that it is very popular and very nice to pretend that you have a broken arm and therefore must wear a sling—which is, of course, the perfect excuse to be prettily wrapped up in a scrap of delicious fabric, an Indian scarf, a fringed silk shawl, et cetera. . . .

Los Angeles: Remember a beautiful tooled leather weskit, some belts, we showed you in the August 15 boutique? Well, they were designed and made by Tony McGuire, a really fast leatherman in L. A. Now he's opened his own boutique with hand-tooled leather clothes plus hand-tooled leather furniture—like big coffee tables . . . McGuire Unlimited, 8576 Santa Monica Boulevard. . . .

New York:



What does a cat love more than a paper bag? We all know it's one of their happiest places to be. . . . This kitty-in-a-bag is from an enchanting little volume by Martha Everds, illustrated by Paul Bacon, called *Love Is*—it's all about the nice things love is—like warmth, happiness, gentleness, dependability. . . . It's published by Doubleday, costs \$2.95—not much for so much love . . . and pleasure.

London: "The new Biba department store is sensational—rather like an immense vaulted cave—or Grand Central Station—very high ceilings, very 1900's, very black, William Morris overtones, huge palm trees and masses of girls shopping, accompanied by men . . . pushing prams. . . . Masses of stuff to buy—every imaginable type sweater (at £2 each), fantastic stockings in mauves, greens, blues . . . children's clothes, makeup, lingerie, jewellery, sheets, bedding. . . . Upstairs there's an attic filled with old clothes, fancy dresses. . . . It's sort of like an old-time general store, everything seems unbelievably inexpensive and the place is packed, a continuous bustle to try things on. . . ." "Very good new restaurant on the Fulham Road called Provans. Saw sweet Twiggy and Justin, she with straight blond hair, two tiny plaits on each side to hold hair in place . . . Linda Eastman McCartney and husband Paul. It's a long thin room rather like a dining car on a train but done in bright yellows and greens—marvellous food." . . . "There's a rush on mid-calf length skirts. The best place to buy them seems to be Miss Selfridge's and Bustop. The streets are filled with this length, from Gloria Guinness on up, or down." . . . "I can't believe that you can get such super short wigs at Michael John for only £90. I was so tempted to cut my hair and this solves it." . . .

Some kinky things here—little bits of frivolity, of happiness to give a zip to things. Here's **1**, Sonny's snakes. Sonny Bono has his snakeskin boots made at the Chelsea Cobbler, 33 Sackville St., Piccadilly in London—wears them all the time, even if he's just sitting around home. . . . **2**, patchwork snakeskin boots all glisten, emerald green, scarlet, lacquer blue, tawny yellow, patches. \$100. The Chelsea Cobbler, 33 Sackville St., London. . . . **3**, the witch's boot—isn't it a hoot? Brown patent. About \$100. Vivier boutique, 24 rue François Ier, Paris. . . . **4**, the frivolous foot—a slipper of dotted silk. At Vivier boutique, 24 rue François Ier, Paris. . . . **5**, Marisa Berenson here, showing us her round black alligator bag, zips all around. From Saint Laurent's Rive Gauche, Paris. The snaky gold-and-emerald rings are from Zolatas boutique at Bonwit Teller. . . . **6**, delectable, jolly foot—little slippers of black kid appliquéd with lacquer red, white leather flowers. About \$60. Simonetta boutique, 40 rue François Ier, Paris.

Kicky things

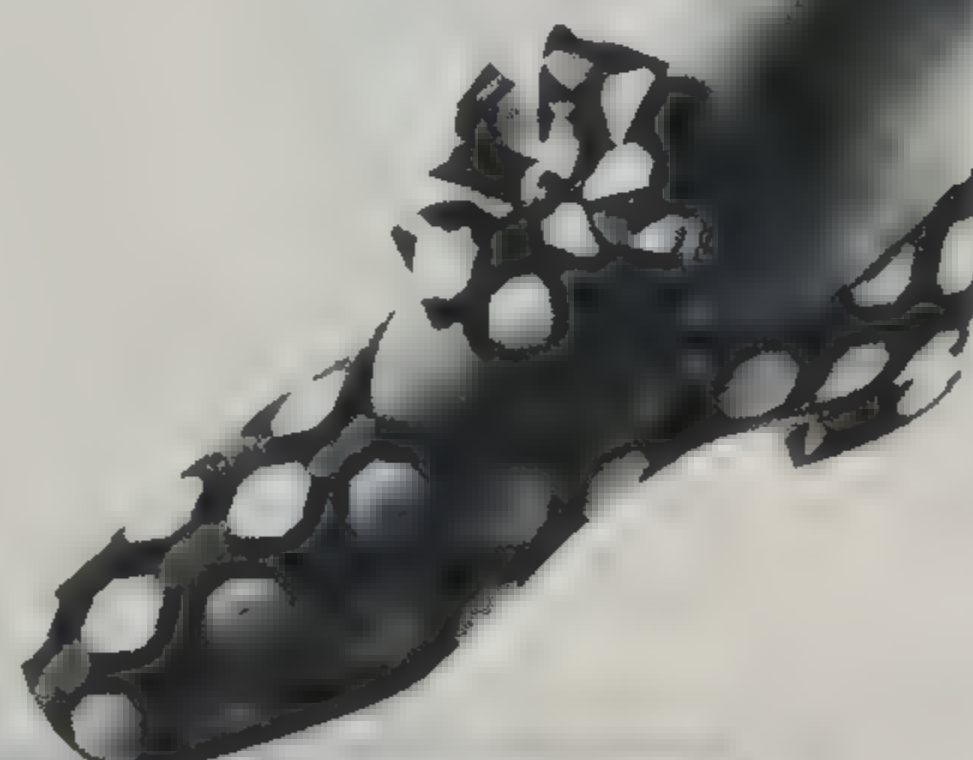


BERRY BERENSON



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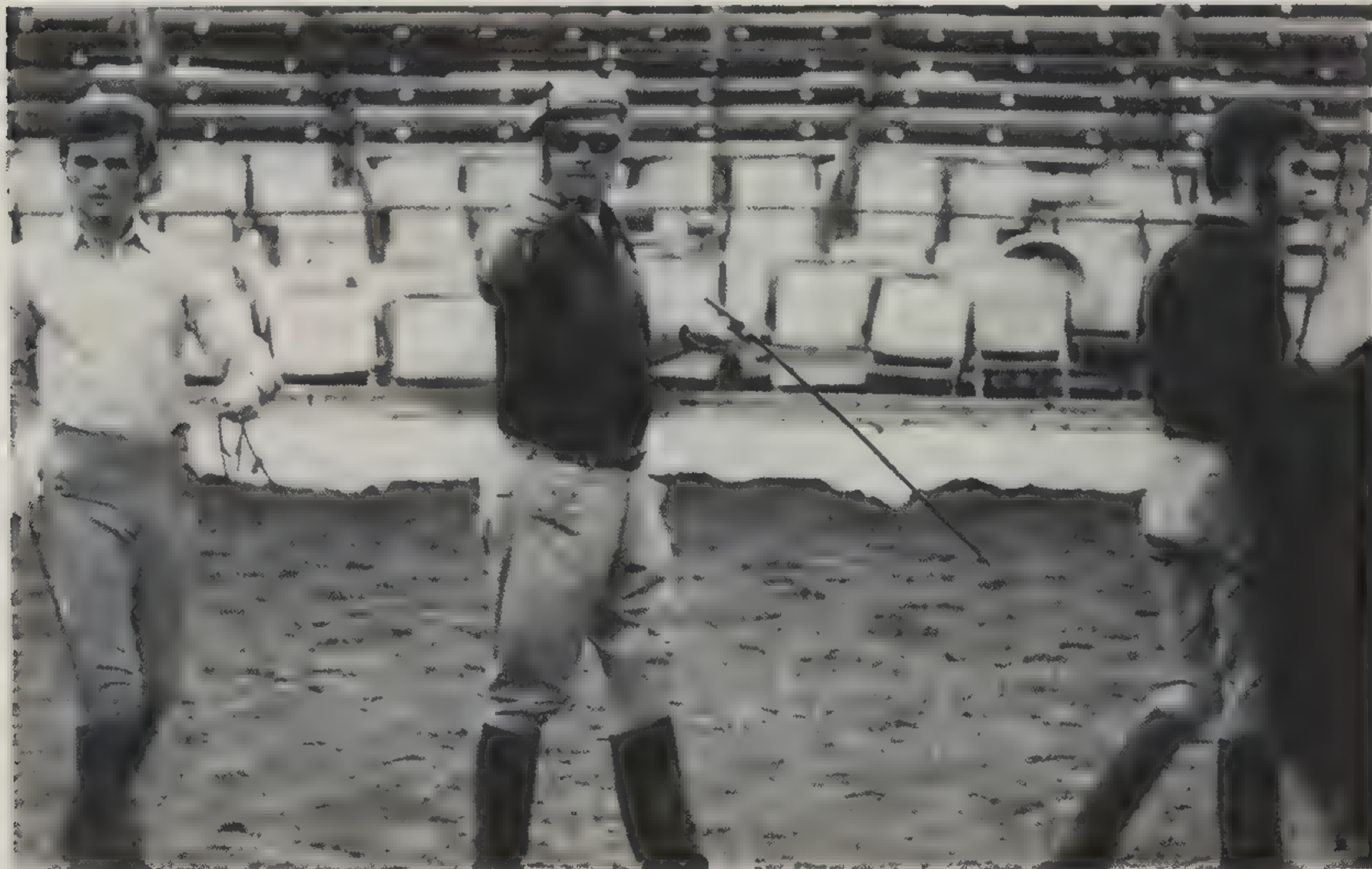
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6

More on next page

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE



MARY RUSSELL

Geneva: *These are the Knies, 1, son Rolf, father Freddy, son Freddy—members of the family that own the biggest circus in Switzerland. And the thing to do in the autumn, in Geneva, is to visit the Knie circus. Father Freddy is the trainer of the beautiful circus horses, the sons work with him, only twenty and twenty-one, but superb trainers, too—when the boys walk into Griffins (the night spot), they're treated like movie stars. . . .*



BERRY BERENSON

Paris: *of course, it's Simonetta, 2, the fiery dynamic designer who invariably looks fabulous in what she designs—here she's got on her fringed black satin poncho, pants. About \$400. Simonetta Boutique, 40 rue François Ier. . . .*

Paris: *It's just the tiniest little boutique, 3, but it's filled with the most enchanting feminine romantic sorts of things, little old hats and ribbons, and strips of delicate beads, and funny dear little printed dresses and scarfs . . . and masses of fragile little elephant-hair and gold rings—Nancy Stoddart is one of the many who can not fly through Paris without visiting Pulcinella, 10 rue Vignon. . . .*



Paris: *Yul Brynner was visiting with Anatole Litvak and Samantha Eggar, 4, on the set of *The Lady in the Car*, and what caught our eye—what Yul's got on—black shirt cut like a French workman's blouse, trousers made for him by Balenciaga—a shoulder bag from Aux Etats-Unis boutique, 229 rue St. Honoré, in which he carries scripts, passport, tickets, electric razor, et cetera. . . . Mr. Brynner is a very modern dresser. . . .*

New York: Everybody is just crazy about tie-dye, **5**, O'Malley O'Conner found this laced-up-the-front jumper, the skirt patches of different tie-dye on satin, a billowy-sleeved tie-dye chiffon shirt. Both designed by Anne Hall at *the* tie-dye boutique, The Fur Balloon, 300 West 4th Street. . . .



JACK ROBINSON



JOHN COWAN

Hollywood: Why is Mr. Lehman so calm? **8**. Here is Ernest Lehman sitting at his desk at 20th Century Fox in his DeVoss togs, looking as though he had nothing special on his mind. But he does. He is producing, writing the script, and is going to direct *Portnoy's Complaint*. But maybe he's doing it for the change of pace from some of his last producing, directing adventures—like *Hello Dolly*, *The Sound of Music*. . . .

London: Arabella Churchill is like everybody else, **6**, she can't resist saying hello to the giant stuffed clown weaving in the wind outside Kleptomania. Arabella loves Kleptomania's clothes for sale, too—like this green-and-purple panne velvet pants suit, \$45. Kleptomania is at 162 King's Road. . . .

Paris: This is Jean Bouquin, **7**, the fast designer of the moment. Everybody who is anybody in France—and Jean is friends with them all—wears his designs, visits his new boutique at 10 rue St. Benoit. He did the costumes for *Paris Hair*, for *Oh! Calcutta!* We showed you a big spread of his designs last October 1. Now here he is—isn't he just great?



More on next page

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*



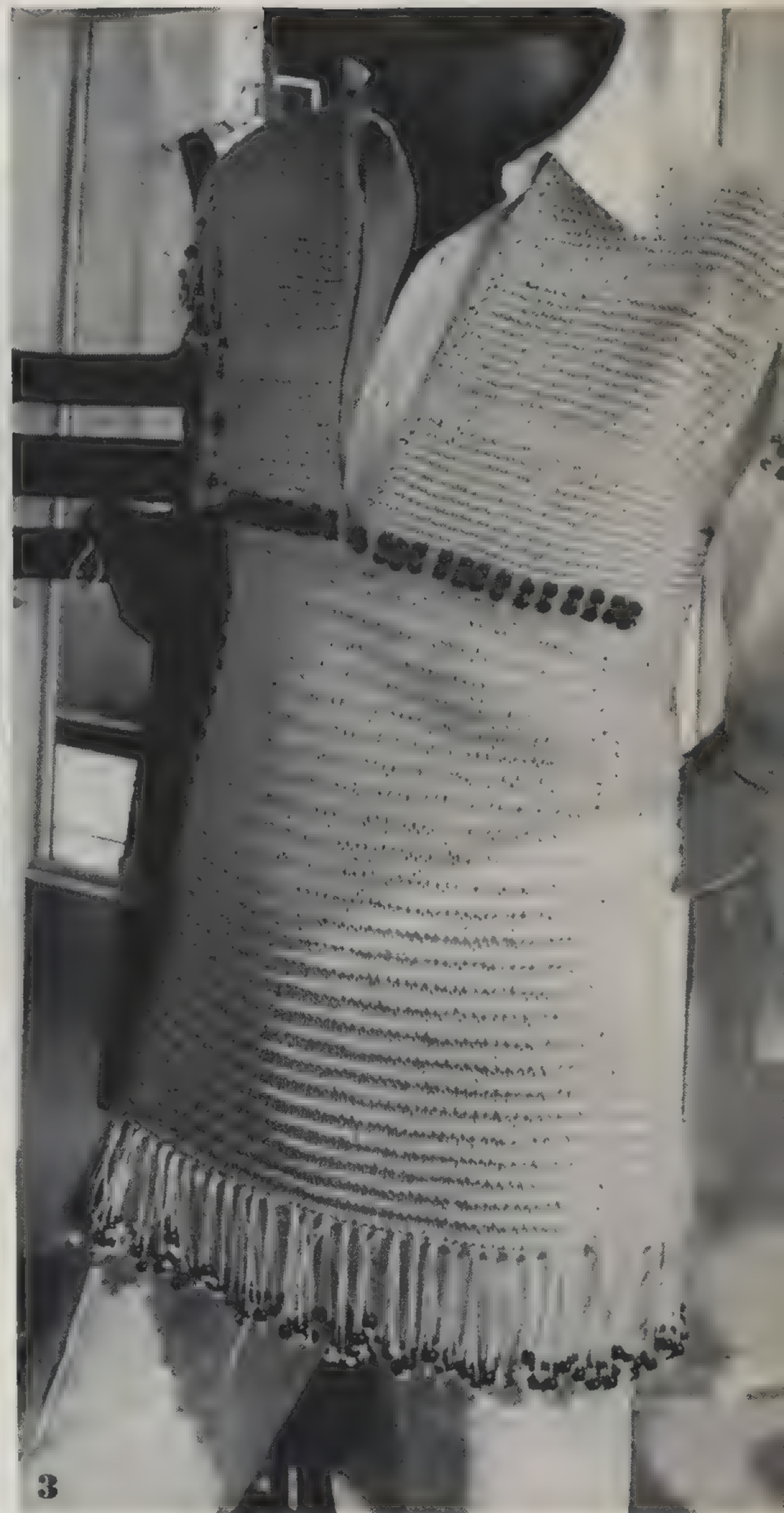
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2

The Big Sur: The magnificent stretch of land snaking up the Pacific coastline of California—its wooded cliffs, breathtaking descent to coves, the sea, the home of so many artists and independents—it's a rugged life but for many, a beautiful one. And some interesting fashion comes out there, rugged, hardy, like the country. . . . A lot of it can be

found in *The Phoenix at Nepenthe, Big Sur*, like **1**, the *crochet jumper*, all wavy rows of emerald green, scarlet, yellow, that Aimée Denise Stewart's mama hand-crochets. \$10. **2**, the *brown buckskin cape* Irene Hall makes for The Phoenix boutique. \$90. . . . Some of the Big Sur artisans sell things through Los Angeles boutiques. *This superb sweater-tunic*, **3**, the colour of oatmeal, the knitting deliberately crumbly and bumpy, the edgings a fringe of black wooden beads, is at Bazaar CM, 400 North La Cienega Blvd., Los Angeles. . . .



3

4 *The snug hood,* **4**, the close little cap that snuggles to the skull, ties in front under the chin, has a tasselled peak that dingle-dangles down in back—in black leather—terrific. Paulette made the original in Paris. Adolfo has it, and variations, here. Adolfo, 22 East 56th Street, New York. . . .

The big brim, **5**, a lovely large shade of rough straw suspended from a small round crown—the colour of hemp—delicious plopped on Berry Berenson's blond head. From Piero de Monzi, Fulham Road, London. . . .

5



6



One hand,

6, is what it takes to hold the newest shoulder bag—you sling it over your shoulder and hoist it along—like your bundle. This pouch of brown suède, held by a twist of skeins of suède. From those great bag makers, La Bagagerie. At Bloomingdale's. . . .

KEATING

Christmas Gifts

(Continued from page 152)

to-ski-in-the-city gift certificate to be used at Post Ski & Sport, 1323 Third Avenue, N. Y. where Mr. Charles Post teaches beginners and intermediates on a fascinating invention called Ski-Dek which is a silicone-nylon carpet-covered treadmill. \$30 for four lessons (one half-hour each). Practice sessions, without instruction, are \$5 per half-hour.

Nonsense is good stuff for the holidays: How about a book of horoscopes for dogs or cats by Liz Tresilian; \$4 for either species and some astonishing revelations about their owners. . . . Soda-pot art—banana split, \$12.95; hot-fudge sundae, \$9.95. . . . *The Modern Text Book of Astrology* with a pad of fifty blank horoscope charts, \$11. . . . A can of puzzles called "Mental Meanies," \$1.50. . . . Nifty ceramic flute in blue and white, \$15.95. . . . All to order by mail from The Chest, 10604 W. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90064, and you may spot some in shops near the street where you live.

Follow nonsense with the new sublime. Say the new Vuitton shopping bag; \$80 at Saks Fifth Avenue. . . . Or a divine bangle of 18-k. gold spattered with diamonds, alternately striped with white coral and lapis; the circle doesn't quite close and each end is tipped with a shell of lapis. \$2,500 at Wander & Co., 745 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. . . . Then there's the old sublime: a handmade patchwork quilt. . . . Half a dozen pairs of off-white tights, ribbed and sturdy to wear in the country without fear of brambles. . . . A long weskit to pep up a whole wardrobe. . . . For the charmer who does needlework so prettily—a Régence chair complete with upholstery and yarn to be worked in any design, \$650 at Woolworks, 783 Madison Ave., N. Y.

While some obliging child plays that ceramic flute we mentioned, her parents could be enjoying a bottle plucked from a case of *vin ordinaire*—something modest to drink any old day. . . . Excite people to sample

a different *cru* by a mixed case of whites—say, Quincy, Sancerre, Vouvray, Muscadet. Or reds: Gigondas, Saint Amour, Côtes-du-Ventoux, and so on. . . . Send a large *whole* cheese to someone with a Ben Gunn complex. . . . For others: a brace of quail; an assortment of teas; five different honeys—one Japanese, one from Hymettus, and you take it from there. . . . A case of mineral waters—Perrier for drinks; Contrexéville or Mountain Valley for deliquifying; Evian because it's delicious; Vittel; Vichy Celestins. Who knows what evil lurks in the liver?

Man we know has pegged what he'd approve of giving but would prefer to get: Great big mock-ivory, genuine badger shaving brush from France, buyable at Boyd Chemists, 655 Madison Ave., for \$75. Plus a giant box of Floris shaving soap, a Hoffritz razor, at least a dozen ivory-handled toothbrushes, and—just to hold them—a silver julep cup from James Robinson, 12 East 57th St., N. Y.

We love you, boy, and just so your sox will match we'll substitute for that julep cup a pair of Lectra-Sox, battery-operated and sure to keep toes warm on the ski slopes or driving towards the Himalayas. \$8.95 at Alexander Sales Corporation, 14 East 47th St., N. Y. . . . Or maybe brushed suède pigskin trousers. Chamois or dark brown at Cordoba, 989 Madison Ave., N. Y.

"When you come to young people," reflected a friend of ours, "you have to raise the ante a bit." Long-haired Rapunzels take to the small, handy, and feverish Braun hair-dryer from West Germany; about \$20. . . . A clock radio smooths the way to early classes with wonderfully shattering sounds. . . . For his harem, her retinue and no interference from the rest of the household, a separate phone number that tweets or buzzes on an Ericofon, that snappy European number that is all one piece, stands on its dial and can

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Edward Gorey fans and those who "don't know" will welcome his new book, *The Epileptic Bicycle* which begins, "It was the day after Tuesday and the day before Wednesday." \$3; Dodd, Mead & Co. . . . For an incurable D. H. Lawrence lover a first edition of *Love Poems and Others*, recognizable by the missing letter i, line 16, page xiv. At Philip C. Duschnes, 699 Madison Avenue, N. Y. . . . Another first, just published—*Magellan's Voyage: A Narrative Account of the First Circumnavigation*, written by one of the eighteen survivors, an Italian gentleman who volunteered, never before translated: facsimile manuscripts reproduced. \$100. . . . Temperaments more frivolous, bawdy but neat, will thrill to *The Complete Poems of John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester* edited by David M. Vieth. Restoration is the period, as you may recall. \$10, but definitely not for anyone younger than a campus rebel. Both from the Yale University Press.

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pressure points. But in Stella's art, these growingly impulsive and erratic forces are always rigorously disciplined by the calculated order of edge, angle, and stripe module and by the no less explicit precision of the even paint surfaces. For all their uncommon energy and radiance, however, these paintings hardly prepared one for the spectacle of Stella's latest canvases, those immense sunburst explosions, which are both numbingly complex and numbingly beautiful.

The sensuous assault of the new paintings of 1967 was, in fact, not unlike the initial effect of the great Celtic mediaeval manuscripts—the Lindisfarne Gospels or the Book of Kells. These fantastic labyrinths of interlacing lines, planes, and colours are at first dumbfounding, but slowly one senses the presence of a latent, more rational order. Thus, in the new Stellas, one comes to realize that this bewildering surface activity is composed, after all, of simple, standardized units—namely, stripes and semicircles—and that the spinning patterns verge upon a predictable symmetry. Moreover, the range of colours, if considerably greater than the primary and secondary hues Stella had singled out for scrutiny in the earlier monochrome and colour-chart paintings, is nevertheless carefully restricted. There may now be more colours than before—perhaps three different shades of blue, of green, or of orange—but they are still applied in even, unmodulated paint surfaces that permit one to count the exact number of colour choices the artist has made.

Perhaps the most disarming impact of these paintings results from their spatial intricacy. Earlier, Stella had consciously avoided the overlapping of his stripes; but now they weave in and out of each other, crossing over and under, shifting from front to back. Combined with the eye-opening, over-all fluorescence of a Day-Glo paint surface, the illusion of flat arcs and

bands abruptly switching spatial locations produces a riot of visual dissonances.

Faced with this exultant delirium, the usual pigeonholing of Stella as a "cool" artist begins to seem naïve, an example of that simplistic critical conception that would define the art of the 1950's as fervent and spontaneous and that of the 1960's as cold and calculated. It is true, of course, that the vocabulary of the last decade tended to be ragged and molten, avoiding geometric precision and stressing the tracks of impulse and feeling; yet it is also true that the finest of these works were the product of a stern pictorial discipline and that the same vocabulary could be used by lesser artists impelled by no emotional urgencies at all.

By the same token, the vocabulary of the 1960's, with its preference for uniform paint surfaces, clean edges, predetermined patterns, need not always reflect a detached, deadpan sensibility. Mondrian's work should have taught the lesson that a calculated economy and regularity of means could produce uniquely personal ends of high tension; and in Stella's case, as well, the quality of taut control is raised to so feverish a pitch that, at times, the paintings hover on the edge of the frenetic. Thus, in the largest of the 1967 paintings, the *Tahkt-I-Sulayman* series, the bursting, gyrating arcs almost become the equivalent of Pollock's furious swirls of the 1950's, although Stella's vocabulary is that of our decade in its ruler-and-compasses edges, commercial colours, and impersonal paint surfaces. But in Stella's art, this period style provides a straitjacket that can momentarily harness the most intense, near-hysterical excitement.

In this light, even Stella's earliest works begin to reveal emotional qualities that at first, in contrast with the Abstract Expressionism of the 1950's, seemed totally lacking. The black paintings, once so stubbornly

neutral, have slowly revealed a kind of dark, latent mystery that the artist would surely have denied in them.

Similarly, the paint surfaces of those works, which in 1959 looked so impersonal, now appear, by the later standards of the 1960's, to be vibrant, especially in the slight irregularities of contour and the resonance of the black paint. It is a trick that history often plays on us, particularly in modern art, where absolutes always become relatives. One thinks, for example, of Léger's and Mondrian's canvases as being mechanically painted, as if in a laboratory. In fact, as time passes, they look more and more personal in touch, the product of unique sensibilities.

In the same way, Jasper Johns's flags and targets, when first seen in 1958, looked like flat, almost machine-made replicas of the flat objects they imitated, but now their surfaces appear to be drenched with private feeling and marked by soft, animate brushwork. Even the most willfully calculated, anti-emotional, anti-handicraft art of the present—whether that of Donald Judd or Robert Morris—may begin to reveal the private passions and sensibilities of its makers. Undoubtedly, younger generations will soon find that such ostensibly anti-feeling artists wear their hearts on their sleeves.

Like the work of most important artists, Stella's not only helps to define the character of his own period but also obliges us to re-assess the past. In the context of the 1960's, his works establish many of the major leit-motifs of the decade's style, whether in Pop or in Abstract art. The search for ever more standardized colours and paint surfaces; the attack on conventional displays of emotion (which can turn into its own kind of emotion); the look of simple, pattern-book geometries (which can betray intensely personal variations)—all of the "cool" characteristics embraced

by Stella belong to most younger artists of his generation. And if Stella establishes values for the present, he also re-arranges values of the past.

Now, because of Stella and other 1960's artists like Lichtenstein who revive the modernistic geometries of the 1930's, our attitudes toward the pre-Abstract Expressionist decades are swiftly changing. The eruptive style of the early Kandinsky, which used to be considered the high point of his career from which he declined, is beginning to look less interesting than the later, Bauhaus Kandinsky, whose kaleidoscopic patterns of hard-edged geometries suddenly look fresh again. Similarly, the later Delaunay, which was once thought merely frigid and decorative, seems newborn, a lesson learned forcefully at The Metropolitan Museum of Art's French painting show (April 6, 1968) in New York, where Delaunay's rainbow discs for the railroad pavilion at the 1937 Paris exposition looked startlingly revitalized in their new rôle as ancestors of Stella and the art of the 1960's.

New art changes old art, and we shall soon have to construct another historical lineage for the twentieth century, one that will surely recognize, at long last, the geometric fantasy of Radio City Music Hall, a masterpiece of architecture and the decorative arts, whose aesthetic reputation was largely submerged in the 1950's. Now, some of Stella's 1967 canvases would look quite at home there.

If the artist is of his period and of a certain historical pedigree, he is also unique. Indeed, to savour Stella's power one need only look at the work of any of his disciples (a lesson that works quite as well for de Kooning, Pollock, or Mondrian, for Rembrandt or Giotto). Then, the explosive passion that locks gears with intellectual precision looms large and clear in paintings that rejuvenate eye, mind, and feeling.

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(More Ready Beauty, page 162)

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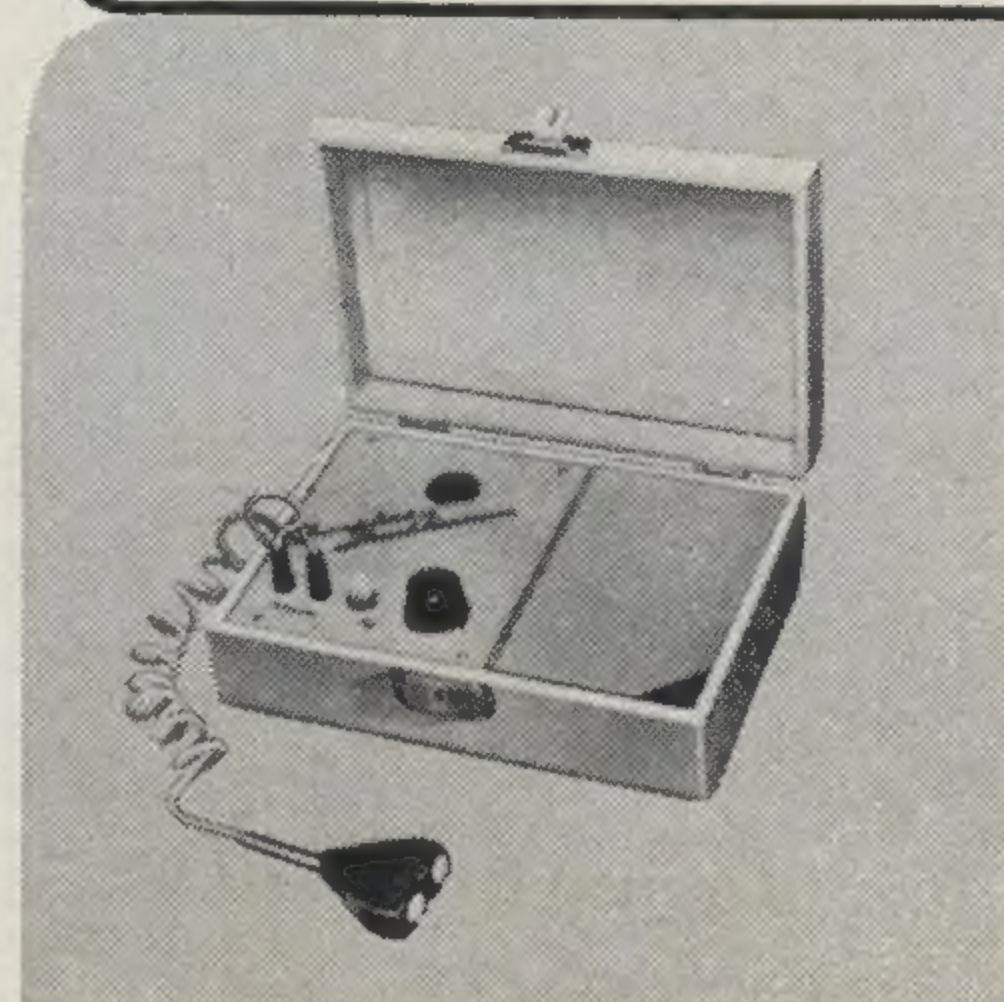
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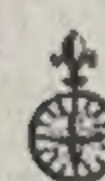
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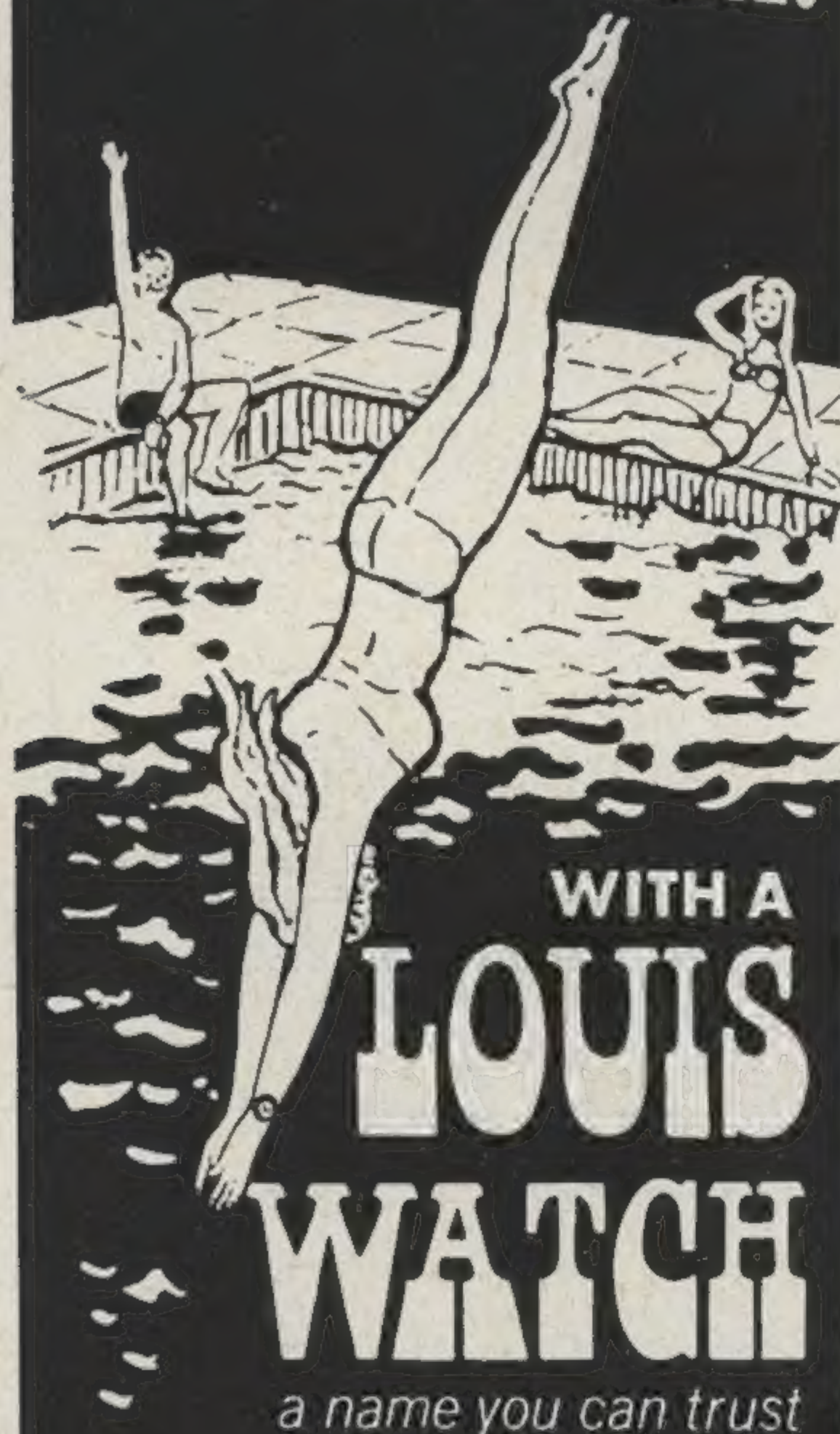
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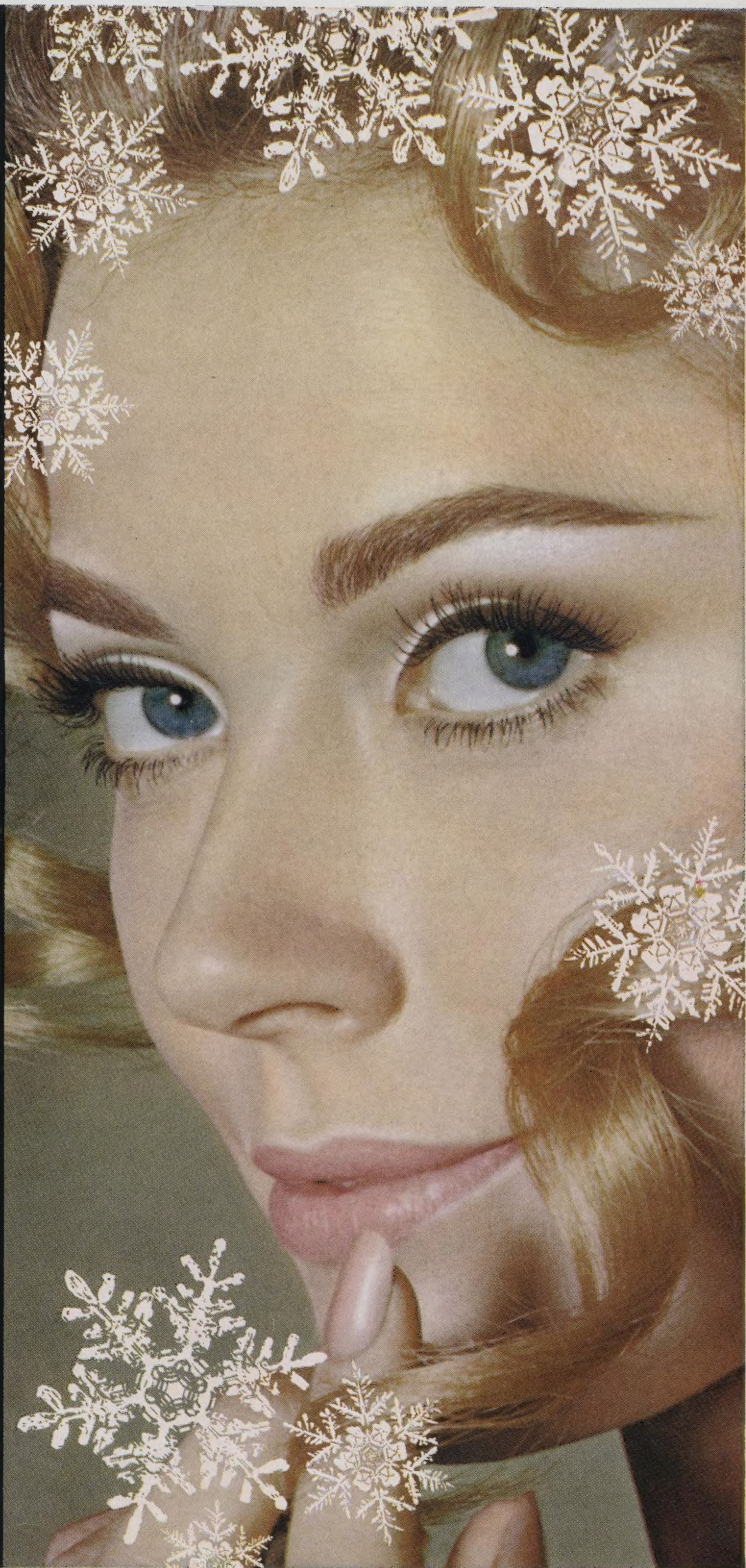
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